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VERSICLES

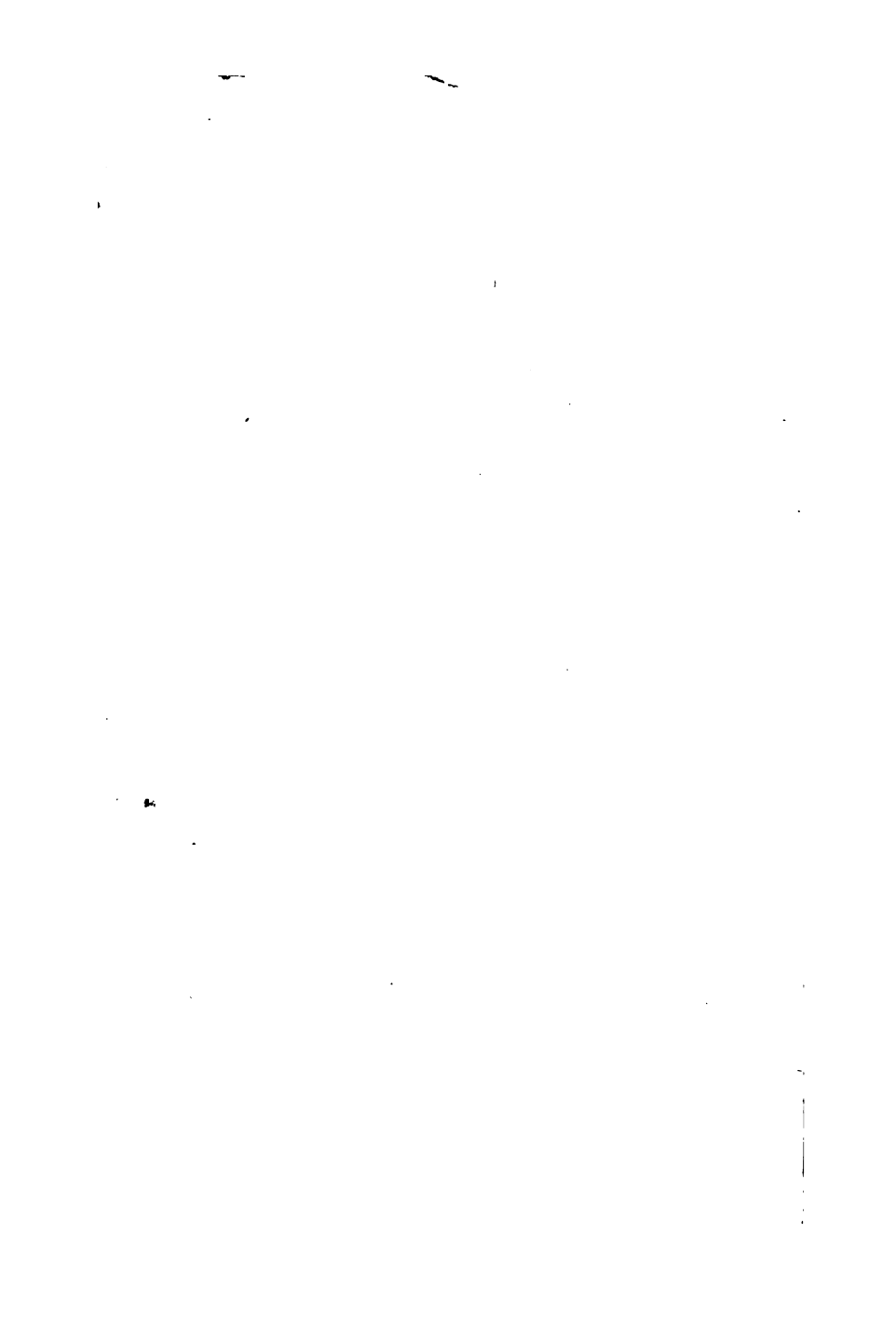
SONNETS

BY

T. C. IRWIN.







VERSICLES.

BY

THOMAS CAULFIELD IRWIN.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS AND ROMANCES," "POEMS,"
"PICTURES AND SONGS," "WINTER AND SUMMER STORIES,"
"SONNETS ON THE POETRY AND PROBLEMS OF LIFE," &c.

DUBLIN:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1883.

APA3337

Opinions of the Press

ON

MR. IRWIN'S POEMS.

—O—

"Mr. Irwin is fluent, fanciful, melodious, and pleasant to read. . . His Songs are sparkling and full of verve."—LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

"There are in those pages, shape and form, and a wide range of knowledge and thought. The rhythm is full-sounded and self-restrained; the metres original and well chosen, harmonising with the subject as metre only does when selected by a poet; for he alone can make subject and metre accord as voice and instrument. Mr. Irwin exhibits strength and fertility, which augur well for future crops. The colours are tastefully applied. The 'Death House' displays power, with the tall elms knee deep in loam facing the dumb door, and filling the windows with their gloom."—ATHENÆUM on Irwin's "Versicles," February 16th, 1856.

"At length, by the grace of God, Ireland has a poet who may rival the most gifted of other lands. Thomas C. Irwin is the man. He is a true-born poet, if ever there was one. He has shown in this, his first publication ('Versicles,' 1856), a mastery of his art which the best of his Irish predecessors do not possess. There is none among them like unto him, or second to him, in that respect. There is a ripeness of knowledge, a mastery of the poet's art, an equanimity of temperament, and sense of power displayed throughout. . . . Mr. Irwin has extraordinary powers; he might be the Irish Shakspeare—the Shakspeare of every land where the language is English, and the blood partially Celtic."—THE TRIBUNE, on "Versicles," 1856.

"It is a comfort to meet with an Irish poet who does not lift up that eternal wail as that of a race in exile, sorrowing over a splendid past and hopeless future; one who finds life liveable, and poetry to be got out of it. If his countrymen were only wise enough to unite and live in the same spirit as he writes in, they would soon make a brighter outlook for the future. His themes are all nicely felt and appropriately expressed. Many of his poems are charming, and manifest the true artistic touch."—ATHENÆUM critique of Irwin's "Poems," 1867.

"His 'Versicles,' as they are modestly entitled, range over a wide field of imagination, thought, and emotion, making upon the whole a set of pictures, each remarkable for its own particular charm. The prevailing tone is one of sunny joyousness, of flowing sympathy with all fair and happy things. His Songs are thoroughly song-like, welling out of a warm heart, and teeming brain, while the descriptive pieces show great truth of picturesque detail, tinged with the feeling natural to the hour and occasion."—DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 1867.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The poetry of Irwin is rich, soft, musical, and exuberant. His fancy teems with beauties, and we surmise we are not incorrect in attributing to him a mind of an elevated and capacious order. Luxuriant fancy, passionate aspirations, are among his characteristics. His metres are distinguished by that easy grace and freedom, which lend a charm to poetry above all other arts. Nothing can surpass the rich colouring of every passage in the 'Antique Dream.' From its inimitable harmony, and the buoyant elasticity of its rhythm, the 'Serenaders of Sevilla,' is well worthy of attention. 'The Forge' for spirit, ingenuity, imitation in language of the sounds alluded to, and sustenance of interest has seldom been equalled. 'The May-Day Revel' is a charming Irish fairy tale, that which depicts a May-Day Saturnalia among the woods of Ros-trevor, where the fairy king has granted a holiday to the birds, animals, and insects of that charming region. His 'Artist Songs' are full of cheerful thoughtfulness, intellectual aspiration, independence of feeling, and graceful pleasantry."—IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, on "Versicles," 1866.

"That much of Irwin's best poetry is as fine as can be found in any literature, readers may find by contrast,"—CORK EXAMINER.

"His pictures and songs are as perfect as can be found in any literature."—NATION, on Irwin's "Poems," 1866.

"His poetry exhibits descriptive power of various kinds—of natural scenery, of different countries and of scenes in various historic periods, besides those which are highest—depictions of human character and passion."—TABLET.

"In his verses, genius and discriminating taste are well allied."—NEWRY EXAMINER.

"There is an airy spontaneity, a vivid descriptive power, charming grace and colour, and delicate humour in these poems."—THE ADVOCATE, 1856.

"Mr. Irwin clothes his ideas in language always exact, and often rich, in a sort of simple beauty quite winning."—EVENING PACKET.

"There is a classical grace, both in the design and construction of his poems, an uniform sustentation; nor is it difficult to perceive that the author keenly appreciates the Grecian School, which has exercised an influence over the finest poetry of the present century. Without the abstracted idealism of Shelly, he possesses all that poet's incomparable power of producing well-nigh impossible effects, by brilliancy of colouring."—IRISH TIMES.

"His productions are remarkable for classic beauty, exquisite colouring, and good taste."—IRISHMAN.

"Whether discoursing of love and friendship, of life and death, all his pictures and images are borrowed from Nature. Mr. Irwin has abundance of fancy, great command of language, a pleasing and touching vein of sentiment, and a remarkable facility in the harmonious treatment of verse. His descriptions of natural scenery are frequently very fine."—DAILY EXPRESS, 1866.

"Though he calls his poems 'National,' he recognises that higher nationality which is above all selfish claims of faction, distinctions of creed, or even divisions of race."—DAILY EXPRESS, on Irwin's "Poems and Legends," 1869.

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TO THE MEMORY
OF
MY MOTHER,
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS
Dedicated.

ERRATA.

- Page 4 line 10, read "verdant."
Page 23. read "the lamp-lit *Casas* there."
Page 38, line 8, read "turns off the foam."
Page 46, *Song*, read "Oh, ask me not again if thou."
Page 46, line 7, read "earth is broadening."
Page 70, read
 Friends, who around the bright hearth sing,
 Pray to the Vine where'er you roam,
 That friendship, like his arms, may cling
 For ever around the walls of home.
Page 79, line 8, read "mountain spray."
Page 87, last line but one, read "olden tomes."
Page 135, 2nd verse, 3rd line, read
 "Fond as a child, and innocent as wild."

Tones and Fancies.



I.

White mountains o'er the champaign soar,
Shielding our forest home ;
The steep cascade springs with a roar
Tossing its plumes of foam :
The sunset glows from gold to rose,
And like the lovely lines that close
The page of some great poem,
In eastern air's remote tranquility,
Low lines of purple hills and gleams of sea.

II.

Read, while the glory lingers round,
Some mood of epic power,
Or song, that with superbest sound
Reflects rich sunset's hour :
Then as the day turns golden-gray,
And twilight's planet from the bay
Looks through our leafy bower,
Some lovely lyric, perfect, ever young,
The picture painted, the emotion sung.

I.

Up with the dawn—away !
Comrades are we of those
Sea clouds of April rose
That greet us from the bay ;
Now, as from founts of snow in hills supreme
Bright brooks descend, dividing toward the
brine,
And grasses waver in a sunny dream
O'erblown with fragrance from the hills of
vine—
Adieu, warm winter home !
And while wave, leaf, and bird renew
Their life from yon sweet deeps of blue,
Spring, yield us as we roam,
Airy companions of the sun,
Rich moods of imagination ;
Fresh thoughts, fresh feelings to imbue
With summer beauty life's reorient poem.

II.

Now autumn's sunset light
 Glows o'er the woodland bowers,
 And pale, proud castle-towers
 Superbing on the height :
Rich jacinth splendours flit along the crest
 Of marble steeps above the purple main,
And waves of rich sound rising from the west
 Stream toward the splendid dark a chivalrous
 strain :
 But, as they fade we turn
From valleys piled with plenteous sheaves,
From wildernesses of golden leaves,
 To the calm blue east, where
 One star now shines—a tear
Forgotten by past care ;
 Now like a gentle sphere
Of happy souls in a serene air,
 Or, symbol of all peace—a radiant urn.

I.

Sweet is the clime in which our pulses beat,
The noon, the sea, the sultry waves of wheat,
The mellow lights and silence of the ground,
The summer world's siesta without sound :
 Perfumes of vines and spray
 O'er tracts in bloom and bud,
 Come to us, and go their way,
 While full of ripeness is the wood
Cincturing our orchard home ;
Cool as spring its frondage, and the fruit within
 their vermeil dome
Flavorous of summer, red as sunset, fresh as
 morning foam.

II.

The waters languish round the summer shore,
Lapsing into silence more and more :
Far off the vivid quiet of the deep
Quivers in the bright dream of its sleep.
 So while the calm blue air
 In tropic beauty glows,
 While under clouds as lilies fair,
 Life is a full blown rose,
Sing, sweet friend, or read to me
Songs with the aroma of some golden-globed
 dark orange tree,
Exhaled in the strong sunshine glowing o'er the
 languid, dark blue sea.

I.

The objects of the summer scene entone
Or image present peace or dear regrets ;
Something that life to be content must own,
Smiles near, though restless grief remotely
frets ;
Green sycamores brooding in the quiet sun ;
And on gray hills beyond the golden sheaves,
Lone poplars, sisters of fallen Phæton,
Quivering innumerate inconsolable leaves.

II.

In wintry evening walks I turn where rest
Within one tomb affection's first, and last ;
As in a wind, of some dead wind in quest,
I homeward pace companioned by the past.
For earth's great grave far ocean seems to
moan ;
And the sad mind but marks anear, afar,
The tinkle of the dead leaf by the lone
Sea road, the sad look of the setting star.

'Tis a lonely day :
The poplar gray
Whitens its leaves in the gust alway.
The hills look pale;
Through grasses a wail
Vague and low as the last of a gale
Whirls and dies :
Blurred are the skies,
Lone the sea without a sail :
And down in the *morne*
Valley forlorn
Each little lamb
Beside the calm
Mother, in a sort of affright,
It knows not why,
Closing its eye,
Conscious of change, nestless from sight.
Down the meadows drift the shadows,
Hither and thither fly the swallows
Wavering wings of grey ;
Ah ! 'tis the last sad Autumn Day !
Over the woods and wastes of fern,
Winter follows wild and stern :
The garden's dial tells not the hour ;
Aged and withered seems the air
Sombre and wild, and everywhere
Seems moving some disturbing Power :
Stream and mountain seem to mourn ;
And dim is the roof and dry the bower,
And shadowless the urn.

Hours I remember lonely and lovely to me
Living a life as simple as sunlight or tree,
When with some beautiful white cloud in love I
 would be,
 Or blossomed lime in warm hollow, or fresh
 little blue-browed billow
Playfully nearer and nearer washing the red
 weed to shore,
Innocent undulant under it's clear ridge passing
 o'er,
Or grasses amiably waving in the warm wind
 of the sea.

Lovely and lonely days in the wide air and light,
When the muse of the woods on level or height,
One were with mine in their silence, dream and
delight :

- When from far islanded seas came bright book
 memories,
 Fragment fancies, and lines that rippled
 about the wind-wooed ear,
 And others of ampler modern days, more
 earnest, and more dear,
Sweet moods of minds that sang to their sun,
 or sea star low in the night.

I.

Midway across the Grecian isle
They paused for cool and rest ; the while
Burning and blue the dome of noon,
The plain was silent as the moon,
And from the grassy fount were seen
Olympian vapours, valleys green,
And through the woodland's low arch, distantly,
The level spacious azure of the foam-lined sea.

II.

A-top a little hill appeared
An Argive ruin, many-yearred ;
Far off flashed the quarry white,
And sprouting in the summer light
The very flowers and foliage which
The sculptor imaged to enrich,
And crown with marble beauty the strong
solemn,
Stately, snowy calm acanthus-woven column.

III.

Of thee, once perfect poem in stone,
A single shaft remains alone,
Like a strophe pure, sublime
Conserved amid the wrecks of time ;
But flowers and marble for the will
Of genius, last around thee still,
To mould in shapes as fair, as lovely as thou
art,
Making divine our star's new life, enriched by
Art.

Over the city roofs in the mellow
Sundown, vapours purple and yellow,
Films of glory and fire flowers
Float in the radiance further going
Where under the woods the sea is flowing :
Golden realms of wonder,
Empires of the thunder,
Luridly sinking under
The town's mouldering towers.

I.

It was a dusky eve when I
Sitting sad in the arbour's gloom,
Reading alone the little poem
That pleased you once returned home ;
Up looking toward the sad sea sky,
Was startled sudden and awesomely,
The while great lightnings, pale as fear,
Flashed o'er the waters glimmeringly ;
Yet comforted as soon to hear
A nightingale, constant and clear,
Singing in the humid fields by the sea.

II.

It seemed as if our world that rolls
The void, where time is lost and place,
Impinged upon the skies of souls
O'er some strange world of spirit-space ;
Arousing from eternal sleep
Its splendid dead, its formless dread
Hosts of commingled being, long
Slumbering within their world tomb deep,
Who thronged the air, silent, amazed,
Careered the earth, and thought and blazed—
Oh fancy, move no more : come love,
And let me hear the night-bird's song.

III.

Long through that silent gale of light

Prayerful I gazed ; when lo ! afar

I saw one little sail of white

Dim on the verge, beside one star.

Imagination held the will

Long wakeful, but my heart sang o'er

With hope its first love music, till

• The splendours ceased, swift as before,

And came your dear knock to the door ;—

And in the sweet dusk by the shore

The nightingale was singing still.

I.

In many-waved cloudy rest
Arches the wide autumnal west,
Life a sea of blossoms o'er the flood,
The low light goldening the wood,
Out of whose green
Calm depths arise,
From lutes and lips unseen,
Inconstant melodies
As happy as my mood,
Companied by the splendid main,
And sunset rich as reddest wine,
And faint warm winds that bathe the brain
In silent music more divine.

II.

The coloured clouds that winged the West
Have sunk into their nightly nest,
And one by one the sounds of day
Have ebbd into the distance grey,
Where the white moon
Rounds o'er the sea,
Full silvering soon
With brilliancy ;
And o'er its spray and fresh tide's sway
Aerial melodies, which seem
Phantoms of those now lost afar,
Returned, like thoughts in some sweet dream,
Float lessening toward the forest star.

I.

Young life is like a summer day
That pouts through purple clouds afar,
And widening as pales its star,
Soon turns from glory into grey.
And lo ! the spirits' visioned dream,
'Ere settling toward eternity,
Is like those golden clouds which seem
Many moving Alps and islands in the sunset
sea.

II.

Inspired by hope in morning's light
We read life's book from page to page,
Where all is summer, all delight,
Till golden noon declines to age :
Then memory, as along the land
Are piled the autumn sheaves,
Unfolds our years as a withered hand,
At a winter sunset window turns the Bible's
leaves.

I.

Cloudy and calm the hollow day
Itself seemed solitary as we,
Who by the sandbanks and the sea,
Rambled pleased and desolately,
The while we heard afar and faint from after-
noon's low Channel sky,
The tide steal o'er the dun flat sands, as with a
long drawn sigh.

II.

Sometimes a bird was heard, sometimes
From furrowed fields anear the town
Vague voices ; as we noted down,
Stretched in a nook, our thoughts and rhymes ;
Till from the sun that sunk beneath the blasted
poplar spire,
Across the lurid waters burst a path of orange
fire.

III.

Between its level cloudy bars
The low west glared in stormy light ;
Then came a wild and dusky night
Of shadows and keen windy stars ;
As home through mournful grasses, flying leaves,
we left the dreary deep,
For supper, fire, and book till " twelve," and then
the sweet soul-set of sleep.

I.

With grey twilight about me I wander and brood
O'er an alien scene little known to the eye,
Nor at all to the heart, unlike one down the
sky
With its pale slopes of mountain seen over a
wood.

Here I am alone ;
But the past o'er the sea
Strangely rises round me
From this landscape unknown,
As the sunset still lies on the forest tops there,
And the bell in the lowland tolls sadly for
prayer.

II.

'Tis a calm Sabbath eve ; in the hamlet is heard
Scarce the sound of a voice ; closed is every
door ;
'Till the simple church bell rings, and, tea
being o'er,
I hear from the garden the song of a bird,
As in the back room
A dear mother with care
Dresses me, combs my hair ;
And then off in the gloom
Hand in hand through the little street hasten we,
where
There's a yellow streak still o'er the old house of
prayer.

I.

As silent, sad, and grey
Far off the salt sea lay
In the cold beauty of the lonely morn,
I waken near the casement o'er the bay,
And muse upon sweet verses ; 'till the warm
Dawn wind comes flowing in with scents of
corn,
And simple leaves stir, whispering me " good
day."

II.

And when at middle night
I have put out the light,
Awhile with space's cold blue deserts there,
And three great clear stars, I refresh the sight ;
And hear the slumbering sea sound far in air ;
And feel, when for those dear I've breathed a
prayer,
Heart calm, pure influences of the infinite.

VERSICLES.

Song.

I.

This sailing world the sages say
Is like a festal bark of light,
Wherein we coast the sun all day
And wander through the stars at night.
Thus, love, may life so richly roll,
That when with pleasure wearied, we
May still delight the slumbering soul
With dreams of joy that is to be.

II.

The purple sunset depth is filled
As with a plenteous sea of wine,
Yon moon is like a goblet chilled
In snows, to make its draught divine.
But what to me are earth and skies,
Though sunset-flushed from west to south,
When sweeter moonlight's in thine eyes,
And richer wine upon thy mouth.

III.

Here let us rest beneath the night,
And sing some low voluptuous lay,
While heaven embalms in fragrant light
The pulsing fountain's sifting spray :

The warm wind tunes its breath to ours,
While souls of echo, near and far,
Shall speed our song to Love, whose bowers
Sparkle in yonder summer star.

Twilight Song.

I.

HERE, from the casement, in the dusk
Of rushy thatch that glooms above,
We'll gaze upon the sunset sea ;
While every tendril droops with musk—
While every wind comes winged with love,
Like spicy gales from Araby.

II.

Sweet, what is love—this trance divine ?
'Tis when thy spirit, on its portal,
Entertains my soul its guest ;
'Tis when thy heart forsakes its shrine,
And, flying to a home immortal,
Folds its wings within my breast.

III.

I would not change this home of thine,
Though waiting wide some doomed palace
Shone upon the hills of noon ;
Or this bright mood for wealth, or wine,
Though pearls were melted in the chalice,
Golden as yon summer moon.

IV.

Yet could some Magian mould this heart
Into a goblet bright ; and make it
Glow with ruby like thy lip,
To thee I'd kiss its rim, and, part—
Yes, give it thee to keep or break it,
Dearest, after one sweet sip.

Serenaders of Sevilla.

I.

Through balconied street and moonlit square—
By silent statued column,
We serenaders sing through the air
Of the Spanish night
That, blue and bright
Fringes the cork tree leaves with light
And silvers the fountain's volume.
The sky is streaming with Autumn stars,
And the moon on the sea is rounding,
To the tinkling chime of our wild guitars,
And the golden viol's sounding.

II.

Haste, comrades, haste to the streamlet's side
Where the orange grove gilds the water ;
In a trellised casement o'er the tide
With cheek of bloom
In curtained gloom,
Alone in the hush of her moonlit room
Rests Sevilla's rarest daughter !

Under the trees, through leaves and stars
Let's pace with bosoms bounding
To the tinkling tone of our quick guitars,
And the golden viol's sounding.

III.

Lo ! now from the heathy hill we see
The brown sheep-drifted Prada ;
Beneath, the town with its minstrelsy,
Fades in the blaze
Of the dizzying rays
And the clear wind breathes o'er the moorland's
haze
From the snows of the white Nevada :—
Sing, sing aloud to the sparkling stars !
With love our hearts are bounding,
And tenderly tinkle the wild guitars
To the sumptuous viol's sounding.

IV.

See how the moon on the river's space
Under the casement lingers !
Oh ! Love, could I watch her beauteous face
Like the trusted light
Of the moon to-night,
As she draws aside her curtain's slight
With tremulous almond fingers !
Shine through the casement, moon and stars,
By roof and lattice rounding,
And tenderly tinkle ye soft guitars,
'Mid the golden viol's sounding.

V.

The blind withdraws to the small white hand—
' One look through the vine is gleaming ;
Tis gone—and lost in the night we stand—
 But away, away,
 Till dawn of day,
That smile like autumn's dusky ray
 With light our spirits' dreaming.
 Back to the town—the setting stars
 And dimly seaward rounding ;
 Silently hung our sad guitars
 And still'd is the viol's sounding

Flight on the Lagoon.

 ALONG the still lagoon,
 While lutes and flutes in tune,
Mingle around—come gondolier, and oar us to the
 moon.
 Forth from this shadowy arc,
 Stretched in our lamp-lit barque,
In festal silence let us float, soft through the
 summer dark ;
 Through streets based on the brine,
 Mid droops of Syrian vine—
One tome of Tasso open, and one flask of Cyprus
 wine.
 Now float we underneath
 Some palace hushed as death,
Its marbles creased in wrinkles by the hot
 sirocco's breath ;

Now through the shadow rare
Of lofty column fair ;
Now by grave-hooded porticoes around some silent
square,

Where springing fountains taste
The fresh light of the waste ;
Now by yon line of blood-red granite colonnade
we haste :

And past cathedral doors,
Where sparks the spray of oars,
Where altar-lights stream richly o'er the tessellated
floors.

* * * *

Lo ! in yon casement chaste,
With vase and trailer graced,
In curtained dusk, a figure rises, as from out the
east

Some dusky tropic sphere,
Crown of the burning year,
Through twilight glimmers o'er the rich ambrosial
breathing meer—

And garbed in silken stole,
Pours out her music soul
In gushes through the mazes of a joyous barcarole ;

Now touching as she sings
Her mandoline's bright strings,
Vibrates the smooth dark flowing air with thinnest
tinklings :

While o'er the blue waves flow
A bacchant group below,
Quaff wine at leafy windows in the moon's
autumnal glow.

“Hail, traveller, hail!” and we
“Hail,” echo, as to sea
We speed along the line of lustre trembling
silently :
 Past terraces of flowers, .
 Past structures of old hours—
The low stars indurating dimly ruined roofs and
towers :
 Past watery thickets grey,
 Now lies our shadowy way,
Moon-shielded in the dead light of the mirrored
purple day ;
 And now by stretching sands,
 Where airy floating hands
And flashing mazed feet career in joyous sarabands.
 * * * * *
 Remote the city lies,
 Music and mysteries
Breathing and brooding through it under midnight’s
magic skies ;
 And broad the moon wave rolls,
 And solemn distant tolls
The great cathedral bell above the multitude of
souls,
 Parading round the square,
 Flooded with lustrous air,
Or jesting with the masks along the lamplit cases
there ;
 Where pace sweet donnas veiled,
 With black fan for a shield,
And brows with terzolas of pearl, and slippers crim-
son heeled.

But as for us—afar
We oar us past the bar,
And in mid-water point our prow straight to one
sumptuous star,

Near which we dimly mark
One shell-bright moving barque,
And hear a voice melodious streaming through the
azure dark ;

Now quivering like the ray,
On which it seems to play :—
Now fading down the main of splendour, spirit-
like, away.

* * * *

But lo ! the morn is nigh,
And glimmer distantly
Borrano's Alps, like drifts of withered rose, along
the sky :

And falls the dim dawn rain,
As Veniceward, amain
We speed, to dream away the hours 'till Vesper
sparks again.

A Venetian Cup.

In a bower by the shore
Sate we, as the moon came up
Silently, silently,
Musing mystically o'er
A curious carved Venetian Cup.
We had drained it, wishing joy
To the ships now fading dim,
When at length one bacchant bay
Thoughtfully, thoughtfully,
Read those verses round its rim.

Life is like a little bark
Drifting through the noon afar ;
Joyously, joyously,
Anchoring beside a star
In the drowsy droop of dark :
While the summer years are flowing
Surging in the sunny gale,
Till the wind of winter blowing
Gloomily, gloomily,
Cankers all its crimson sail.

Life is like this vase of thine—
Wisdom written near the heart,
Secretly, secretly,
But alas ! its noblest part
Hidden lies beneath the wine.
Of the feasters most are feigning
'Tis a cup of joy alone,
Few there be that learn its meaning—
Mournfully, mournfully—
Till the magic draught is gone.

Platonic Song.

I.

Oh, love in life, oh, paradise surrounded
By weary distances of desert space,
At length I breathe amid thy bounteous region,
And meet at length thy spirit face to face.
The present swims around me in sweet sunlight
The past in dreams of darkness fades away,
And the rich life-spring of a newer nature,
In fullest fountain rises into day.

II.

There is love that broods like sunset o'er the ocean,
Lapsing down, content with change of shade and
hue ;
There is passion, proud and conquerless and
earnest,
As the lightning globe that cleaves the deeps of
blue ;
But oh, there is a worship of pure Beauty,
To whose altar turns the spirit's tranced light,
Like a star that splendours through some magic
casement,
Misted round from urns of frankincense at night.

III.

Oft at dawn her voice awakes my drooping spirit,
Like the sweet wind whispering in the rose's
ear ;
And her presence in rich reveried trance of
twilight,
When the first star lights the even, hovers near ;

Like some purple sunset shadow in a valley,
Girt with summer woods, by waters as they flow,
Glassing old heroic ruins on their stillness,
Hamlet homes, and distant summits spired in
snow.

IV.

Oh, could sweet fancy realize its visions,
Far, far from dusty cities should we roam,
O'er the earth in happy pilgrimage together,
Till at length, some magic hour, we reached a
home,
In some goldenland of noon beyond the mountains,
In some ancient isle of sweet perfection where,
From twilight temples, highest-thoughted music,
Filled with spirit round the fragrance of the air.

V.

Where the goldened lark would set our hearts to
music,
As, in the jubilant communion with the sun,
We'd pace the airy mountains o'er the ocean,
Till the nightingale in woodland dusk begun.
Where joyously in heaven's light our spirits
Would broaden with the glory of the hours ;
And close beneath transparent dark in slumber,
Like odours masked in crimson folded flowers.

VI.

This were to live—to tread the world together,
Passing on to higher lives beyond the night,
While Thought in subtle spheres illumed the future,
And Fancy charmed the present in its flight ;

Thus in loving pass the blossom of our being,
'Mid realities of beauty and its dreams,
Like seraphs, through some inland tract of heaven,
Floating Godward up the glory of its streams.

The Old House.

I.

Now the night has settled on the mountains,
And the world is growing dark and drear ;
Sleekly floats the hazle-margined river,
Drifts along the woods th' uneasy air :
Time alone the comrade of our chamber
On our pulses counts his passing dower,
And the clock ticks in the darkened passage,
Climbing—chiming—
Chiming—climbing—
Climbing up the minutes towards the Hour.

II.

Many a year has vanished since we rested
In this Old House 'mid the aged trees :
Solemn thoughts are now its grave Penates,
And its Lares, loving memories :
Many a magic morn have hope and fancy
Turned this chamber to a fadeless bower,
While the clock ticked in the sunny silence,
Climbing—chiming—
Chiming—climbing—
Climbing up the minutes towards the Hour.

III.

Here we dwelt in happy days departed—
Heaven was then more near than now it seems ;
Book-imprisoned spirits as our comrades
Yielded daily thought and evening dreams ;
Here 'mid forms of purest old affection
Death undreamt-of seemed to lose his power,
While the clock ticked in the pleasant passage,
Climbing—chiming—
Chiming—climbing—
Climbing up the minutes towards the Hour.

IV.

O ! the joyous times of spring and autumn,
O ! the April moons, the golden sheaves,
O ! the walks in mellow, mild September,
Down the sky-blue river in falling leaves !
Day by day the belfry's peaceful shadow
Passed the tomb long closed by many a flower ;
But the clock ticked in the solemn passage,
Climbing—chiming—
Chiming—climbing—
Climbing up the minutes towards the Hour.

V.

Here along the drooping eaves of ivy
Sadly swayed the bell's remembered chimes ;
Here we mused, while to the dreaming fancy
Setting suns brought back the dear old times :
Destinies of splendour orb'd before us,
As yon star gleamed o'er the mouldering tower,

Still the clock ticked in the austere passage,
Climbing—chiming—
Chiming—climbing—
Climbing up the minutes towards the Hour.

VI.

All is vanished—joy, and youth, and summer ;
Voices from the distance throng the ears :
Memory vibrates, but to olden music,
And so wakening yields us only tears :
Yet, for love of friends and days departed,
Wait we here the dark approaching Power ;
List—the clock ticks in the silent passage,
Climbing—chiming—
Chiming—climbing—
Climbing up the minutes toward the Hour.

VII.

Lo ! 'tis dawn !—a beam of level twilight—
As that burst of summer thunder rolled—
On the cloudy altar of the morning
Glimmers like an Angel's brand of gold :
And the first bird wakened in the glory
Sprinkles round a life-exultant shower—
But the clock ticks in the granite passage,
Climbing—chiming—
Chiming—climbing—
Climbing up the minutes towards the Hour.

In Letters of both Light and Gloom.

In letters of both light and gloom,
Life's tale is written on a tomb
Beside a sea where universes sparkle, and where
roses bloom.

Love fills the May-month with its breath ;
But when the flowers fall from the wreath,
Care cankers, and pale pain inspires reluctant long-
ings for old death.

Change is the soul of all that seems,
The sweetener of its gloom and gleams :
The gained is gloryless, and truth itself even tires
without its dreams.

Onward we guide the car, and mend
The wheels, not knowing where we tend,
Save that the world is full of precipices, where all
motions end.

We hold a few loved beings near
Our heart's pure home, yet still in fear
The summer window, winter hearth, may lone-
lied be of those most dear.

So is it while we mortal are :
But when we've passed the sunset's bar,
Life, grown eternally secure, beholds a home in
every star.

Under the Moon.

I.

UNDER the moon, as the twilight breeze
Ripples the water in pulses of light,
We stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees,
And list to the voices that come through the night.
Under the elm row, misty and dank,
Love's sweet laughter rings from the bank—
Sprinkled with many a dim red lamp,
Stretching away through the distance damp :
Hark ! 'mid the foliage blossomed with June,
Tinkles a serenade under the moon.

II.

Under the moon in the village street,
Gossiping groups in the shadows meet ;
Seated at dusky doorways there,
Red-lipped maidens taste of the air ;
Whispering now of their lovers' eyes,
Blue as the beautiful summer skies ;
Whispering now of their flatteries sweet,
As autumn's fruitage dropped i' the heat ;
Until they cadence a trembling tune,
Soft as their pulses, under the moon.

III.

Under the moon by the cool sea-shore
The wind walks over its spacious floor,
Courting the snowy-bosomed sails
Daintily dipping through azure vales ;

Over the crisp foam bearing along
The musing mariner's midnight song ;
As by the rising helm, with hands
Lit in the compass lamp, he stands,
Thinking of those he left at noon,
Sad on the green shore, under the moon.

IV.

Under the moon by the dusty road
Pace we on to the old Abode ;
Over its sycamor'd roof and walls
The listless splendour floating falls,
Peering into the casement nook
Piled with many a brown old book :
Spirits are they whose pages teem
With thoughtful ditty and pictured dream,
Spirits, amid whose silence soon
Our own shall slumber, under the moon.

The Little Bard.

I.

THERE is a little bard, as gay
As a merry star, who lives away
From earth and all its quarrels ;
Musing o'er earth, its rights and wrongs,
He puts his wisdom in his songs ;
Nor cares a fig for fame, somehow,
When his little mistress wreathes his brow ;

But cries, when crown'd, " Now shall I sing,
Now shall I sing,
Now shall I sing,
Like a nightingale in laurels—
In laurels, love, in laurels—
Like a nightingale in laurels."

II.

Though not the tiniest coin, they say,
Is in his purse, I've seen him pay
In joke for all his blisses ;
Now in a sip of purest wine,
Now pulling some rich rose divine,
He'd place within her milky palm,
With earnest face of frolic calm,
Three little leaves, or four, and say—
" 'Tis thus I pay,
'Tis thus I pay,
'Tis thus I pay for kisses—
With rose leaves, sweet, with rose leaves—
'Tis thus I pay for kisses."

III.

His rosy mistress, decked with vine,
Carries his lute and urn of wine,
As in autumn days he wanders
By heathy hills and lonely dells,
By orchard walls and village wells ;
And when he stops to note his lore,
The twilight folk around some door
Gossip in whispers—" Look ! look !
In the leafy nook,
O'er his tiny book,

How the little poet ponders—
O'er dreams divine of love and wine,
Our own sweet songster ponders."

IV.

When winter whitens all the earth,
He sits before his cosy hearth,
Where the crickets, too, are singing ;
And by his side, with sparkling looks,
Sweet Jenny piles the learned books,
To keep the piercing wind away,
To keep his winter fancy gay ;
And by his ear says tenderly,
" Oh, let me see,
Oh, let me see,
What sweet pearls you've been stringing—
Been stringing, love, been stringing—
This live long day you're stringing."

V.

Far off the people fight betimes ;
He quarrels but with stubborn rhymes
That will not take their places ;
Nor ever feels a touch of ire,
Save when he scatters to the fire
Some teasing verse that mocks his care ;
While Jenny, too, in deep despair,
Kissing him cries, and holds his pen,
" Oh, try again,
Oh, try again,
For those naughty airs and graces—
With patience, love, with patience,
They're sure to take their places."

VI.

Once in a mournful mood he said :
" Love, when my minstrel light has fled
From the star that heavenward bore me,
Come to my tomb when sunset heaves
The west in drifts of golden leaves ;
Then, as you silent stand, and sigh,
The stars your only company;
My voice shall sound to you alone.
Though I am gone,
Though I am gone,
My pretty songs sing o'er me—
Sing o'er me, love, sing o'er me—
My love, and my songs sing o'er me."

In the Prow of my Boat.

I.

IN the prow of my boat
Toward the West I float,
And with ruby cup
In its light held up
Salute from afar
Eve's sparkling star,
Singing as on the wave it dances :—
" Waft o'er the waters my love for those
Who watch from the window roofed with
rose,
And fill my brain with joyousest fancies.

II.

Hail, comrades, hail !
White simple sail,
Which plays with the breeze
Of those golden seas :
In your sunny nook
Hail poet book
Cradled in blossoms I culled to-day ;
We three shall live with the waves awhile,
And then sail back with the star whose
smile
Beckons us home to our cot by the bay.

Sink in the Wave, O ! Star of Morn.

SINK in the wave, O star of morn
With our sweet dreams a little while,
As in the calm by fields of corn
We pass from stile to stile :
Anchored in undulating sleep
Our pinnacle blythe below
Expects us : and now o'er the deep
Will waft us in the glow :
One garland, sweet, upon your brow
I place, and one on our boat's prow ;
And as from green
Shores in the sheen
Our sail in summer wings along,
We'll read sweet poems
From older tomes
Sparkling or sage, of thought and song.

38 UP FOR THE BELL OF DAWN HAS TOLLED.

Turned to the dawn O wreathes unfold
Your crimson beauties airily,
And from yon level cloud of gold
Come, swallows, o'er the sea :
And while green hills and sunny woods
Salute our sailing-home,
And moved in the innocent blue wave's moods
Our prow turns of the foam ;
While with this day
Of loveliest May
We live alone, let's sing and pray :—
Thus with the sun
May life sail on
Love piloting our faithful barque,
Till day's delight
In dreams of night
Shall like the moon beguile the dark.

Up for the Bell of Dawn has Tolloed!

I.

UP ! for the bell of dawn has tolled !
The forest roofs have turned to gold :—
Now speed us, oars, by river shores
Where, as we anchored all night long,
Our dreams have heard their summer song,
While silent moved each starry throng
From east to west, through boughs at rest,
Every ripple mirroring
A star for each leaf's whispering.

II.

Now furl the oars and loose the sail
Familiar more with wave, than vale,
White as the foam in morning's bloom,
Or scudding surge in stormy gloom—
Sail, that the helm its comrade knows :
And from the calm bay, roofed with rose,
Steer where the sun before us glows
And roll the tumbling azure seas
Among the clustering cyclades.

From Dawn to Dark.

I WAKED as the golden dawn glowed over my bed,
and leaning
Outward, touched the strings of the lyre that by
me stood ;
It's simple sounds with my fancies mingled their
sweetest meaning,
And the song of birds in the casements' ivy blent
with my morning mood.
All day I walked by the sea ; and at night with
dark's dispose
Placed in my forehead a wreath of gathered flowers,
sleepy as I ;
And touching the lyre with " good night " fingers,
pleased and wearily
Sunk to rest 'mid the sound of the strings and
the souls of each dreaming rose.

The Return.

I.

At length beneath the roof we rest
That sheltered us when life was young,
In this old window toward the west,
Where oft in twilight's glow we sung :
Mild is the mountain's starry rim,
Still fresh the trees around the door ;
But where are they—the lost, the dim—
Whose forms shall light it never more ?

II.

Ah, me ! how many an afternoon
Along yon ivied lane we went,
The low wind blowing from the moon,
The dead leaves breathing wintry scent ;
The ruin gloomed the holy ground,
The fields were full of fading light,
The beat of barrack drum around
The dead red west rolled with the night.

III.

Rememberest thou old summer time,
When, the long studious day being o'er,
Entranced we sat in talk sublime
Drawn from some gloried page of yore ?
Rich fancies, themes abstruse, old songs
From varied lips were heard to rise—
Ah ! where are those old spirit throngs,
Long passed through yonder crimson skies ?

IV.

Perchance with silent eyes to-night
They gaze upon us from afar ;
Perchance their dreams from spheres of light
Float toward us on this green old star ;
And each old friend—each long lost hour,
And field, and book, and song, they knew,
Strikes o'er their memory with the power
That strews these tears between us two.

V.

The dim wind moans along the hill,
The ivy round the casement shakes,
The full moon rises slow and still,
And drifts the field with silver flakes.
Then let us o'er this shadow'd bowl
Clasp these old hands, and while the breath
Flows through us, charm the silent soul
With dreams of vanished joy and death.

My Violon.

WITHIN my little lonely room
Where many a crimson evening shines,
I cheer away the falling gloom
With songs beneath the casement vines :
Sweet memories haunt the lingering day
That hovers o'er each golden sun—
Each tune I play
Brings back a ray—
Sing to me, sing, old Violon,

Old friends, your homes in sunset shine,
The trees around them softly sigh,
While o'er the rolling distant brine
You sail from home and poverty.
I see your vessel far away,
I see your faces sad and wan,
Turned where the day
Sets wild and grey—
Sing to them, sing, old Violon.

Old books, companions of my youth
And friends of age still brightening earth,
How oft we've mused above your truth,
How often smiled upon your mirth !
Your date recalls the happy years
And all who blessed them, past and gone—
Their smile appears
'Mid falling tears—
Sing to them, sing, old Violon !

Oft' of grey melancholy days
I wander in the Autumn blast,
Through fields and trees, and well-known ways,
The silent scenery of the past.
Like friends the distant mountains smile
O'erflowed by the departing sun—
A little while,
A little while,
Sing to them yet, old Violon.

Yon pale autumnal cloud of white
Stood in the cold east all day long,
And in the silent sky to-night
Under the full moon hears my song.

My fancy whispers mournfully
 'Tis some dear spirit beloved and gone,
 Come back to see
 Old earth and me—
Sing to her, sing, old Violon.

Ah ! soon, sweet friend, thy aged strings
 To stranger fingers shall resound ;
But, when to thy rich murmurings
 The joyous dancers beat the ground,
Through the gay window with the moon
 I'll look ere mirth and dance be done,
 And list thy tune,
 Though soon, too soon
Death wafts me from my Violon.

The Troubadour's Pilgrimage.

I.

EASTWARD, moonlit peaks are glancing
 O'er the dusk with silvery eyes ;
Westward, tracts of summer forest
 Deepen down the crimson skies :
Pilgrims pass the bridge whose crescent
 Darkens o'er the gleaming frith,
And the noon-heat camps its vapour
 O'er the bronzed moorland's width—
 Toll, bell of sunset, toll,
 Over listening land and river ;
Sing Memory, to my soul,
 Of spirits lost, but loved for ever !

II.

Toward the norland distance yonder
Listening, praying, forth I go ;
Starry stream and solemn mountain
Lure me, shining in their snow ;
There, within a silent valley,
Full of the cold planets' light,
Lies the grave to which my fancy,
Dreaming, wanders through the night—
Toll, bell of sunset, toll
Over silent land and river ;
Sing, Memory to my soul,
Of spirits lost, but loved for ever.

III.

Onward, where awhile the summer
Slumbers round in twilight blooms—
Waters showering from the summits,
Forests full of topaz glooms ;
Moon and sea beneath me rising,
O'er me star and cottage nest—
Sadness in the eastern evening,
Music in the golden west—
Toll, bell of sunset, toll
Down the gorgeous glooming river ;
Sing, memory, to my soul,
Of spirits lost, but loved for ever.

IV.

Wheresoe'er the world I've wandered,
Realm of life, or place of tombs ;
Through the Mediterranean splendours,
Through the dumb Egyptian glooms ;

Radiant spirits round me hover,
Watch my rest, or with me stray,
While our hearts, in mournful anthems
Mingling, close the lonely day—
Toll, bell of evening, toll
O'er the starry trembling river ;
Sing, Memory, to my soul,
Of spirits lost, but loved for ever.

V.

Oft I hear their charmed voices
Lingering round some mountain height ;
Utterance rich as planet music
Swooning through the magic night.
Oft great brows of meteor beauty,
O'er the star-dim seas appear ;
Oft in noonlit towns a silence
Falling, tells me they are near—
Toll, bell of darkness, toll
Doom like, down the ghostly river ;
Sing, Memory, to my soul,
Of spirits lost, but loved for ever.

IV.

Upward, where the moulder'd castle
Guards the quick, unquiet fords ;
All its moated depths of waters,
Glossed with beams, like blades of swords :
Now, the lowland's dark expansure
Widens from the mountain crest ;
And the low star lights the valley,
Where my pilgrim heart would rest—

Toll, bell of silence, toll
Down the silver rippled river ;
Sing, Memory to my soul,
Of spirits lost, but loved for ever.

VII.

By this well, in leafy quiet,
Shall I rest upon my way :
Each is broadening in shadow—
Heaven in brightness, while I pray.
“ Blessed spirits, rise above me,
When the death-dark round me flows,
Like a crescent o'er the sunset,
Beckoning where the glory goes.”
Toll, bell of Heaven, toll
Down the sapphire radiant river.
God, waft my trembling soul
Where rest the spirits loved for ever.

Song.

I.

Oh, ask me not again of them,
Sweet spirit art beloved by me ;
Give not that timid terror breath,
While here I gaze upon your brow
With faith and fond security
That cannot change with life or death.

II.

Though we have loved but little space,
 As fixed and constant are our souls,
 As spirits in eternal rest ;
 As yonder stars that richly trace,
 The brow of heaven, when twilight rolls
 Along the forests of the west

III.

My heart is like a music shell
 From which no echoed murmur slips ;
 But place it, dear one, to thine ear ;
 Thine own will answer to its spell,
 And both shall breath from mutual lips,
 " Thy love is here, thy love is here."

Song.

I.

That we may win a lasting wreath
 By our life-work upon this sphere,
 Be truth's the air our spirits breathe,
 And other's good our glory here ;
 That, as time rolls, some brighter souls
 We'll leave, whence brighter may appear,
 Whose happiness itself shall bless
 The few affection makes most dear.

II.

The truths an age attains become
To that which follows, wider wings
To ward away the dangers, Doom,
That lurks in ignorance, still brings;
Till Reason's light be right and might,
And, as the Future soaring sings,
Love shall alone ascend the throne,
And merit make the only Kings.

Lovely Life.

TOWARD the golden dance of stars in the East
Dancing I go, when the evening sea is bright,
In love with the beauty of earth and air at rest,
Crowned with flowers, and singing alone in their
light :
Unto no other chorus move my feet,
And this to me is a life happy and sweet,
While I strike my lyre's delighted strings,
And my heart, as I bound, like a bird within
me sings ;
Nor do I deem any other life as divine
As with music and flowers, this lovely life of
mine.

Antique Glimpses.

I.

GREY-FACED Spirit ! let us sit—
Sit and muse an hour with thee,
While before our visioned eyes
Something of the past may rise,
Rise, and live again, and flit
As through a sphere of alchemy :

II.

Come, then, jocund firstling, come,
Mounted on thy milky goat ;
Dusky form, with Indian brow,
We can hear thy piping now,
Cheerful as the cricket's hum,
Along the sunny silence float.

III.

Beside thy path a ruddy shape
Chants snatches of old song divine ;
While slyest lights amid his hair
Are sliding, as in thickets there,
With head thrown back upon a vine,
He lips the purple drooping grape.

IV.

And who art thou, and who art thou,
With viny ringlets down thy neck ?
We know thee too, thou rosy, coy,
Low-lipping, lithe Idalian boy ;
No marvel that thy beauties' beck
Should draw the nymphs to kiss thy brow.

V.

Who follows next ? The winged girl,
Who loved thee, roving by thy side
In balsam breathings through the May
Of many a lonely amber day,
When she would wreathe thy locks, and hide
Her blushes in some golden curl.

VI.

Come, Nayad, draped in woven weeds,
And dripping lillies of the stream ;
Sweet image ! o'er thy wat'ry cheek
The sunlight plays in touches meek,
And, slanting o'er the level meads
Crowns thy cold forehead with its beam.

VII.

Hark ! from yon temple nigh the shore,
Piled high with many a marble shaft,
There comes a rush of wings, and, lo !
A shape mercurial, white as snow,
Winks at the towns he hurries o'er,
From close-capp'd brow of wit and craft.

VIII.

See, by yon Autumn river's drift,
Slow curving round the fields of corn,
Its red-faced god, with rushes crowned,
Sits by the windless bank, embrowned
With fallen leaves, and seems to lift
And faintly blow his wreathed horn.

IX.

But who is this that seems to pass
Like music from the noon-white sky?
What form of beauty, grace, and bloom,
From yonder bower of myrtle gloom,
Comes floating o'er the sun-warm grass,
In soft Olympian majesty?

X.

Ah ! who could miss thy name, though screened
In golden clouds thou movest thus,
With blossomed mouth, and breath of musk,
And eyes as sweet as summer dusk,
And breast with tremulous azure veined,
Like vase of white convolvulus?

XI.

Oft in yon sunset's banquet space
The radiant ranks of Deity
Feel their immortal hearts rejoice
With lovesome tumult, when thy voice
Fountains the stillness, and that face
Looks earthward o'er the splendrous sea !

XII.

But while we muse, the wintry god
Who moves the winds and floods the springs,
With saddened face, grey as the thaw,
And beard of icicle and snow,
Above the distant lonely road
Sails silently on wat'ry wings.

XIII.

And on yon desolate summit, furled
In cloud above the wave and blast,
Deject in dreams of lost command,
A group of old gods, solemn and grand,
Look mournfully across the world,
Ere melting nightward in the vast.

The Forester.

I.

I AM but a woodland fellow,
One that loves the morning air,
Or sitting lone at sunset mellow,
Free from labour, free from care ;
Health's sufficient wealth for me,
And day and night—variety.

II.

In spring time I love to wander
When my woodland work is over,
By the singing hedges yonder,
Townward, through the fields of clover,
There to hear 'mid cups renewing
What the distant world is doing.

III.

Summer time is idlest weather
Long drawn, quiet, bright days bringing ;
When I stretch in purple heather
While the hill wind wafts the ringing
Of the sheep bells—dreamy inklings
Of their far-off fitful tinklings.

IV.

Or I hear the gay grasshopper
Panting in the sultry grass ;
On his shuttle-pulse a stopper
Puts he, as he hears me pass,
While beside the fields of hay,
Sings the cuckoo all the day.

V.

From the quarry grey and glaring
Foams a cascade to the stream ;
Where, knee deep and dumbly staring,
Stands the heavy mottled team ;
The cow-boy asks the hour, and stretches
Yawning on a heap of vetches.

VI.

Soon comes Autumn, warm and hazy,
Camping in the yellow fields ;
Through the branchy orchard strays he,
Ruddying the bough that yields ;
While in barns I work and laugh,
Threshing in a mist of chaff.

VII.

But soon comes the wind, and urges
Up the crispy clouds of frost,
Or on hills they rest like surges
By the level rain-drifts crossed ;
Then, at leaden eve, one hears
The rainy roar of swollen weirs.

VIII.

Winter is my time for toiling,
From the late dawn bare and grey
Unto windy night, despoiling
The last leaves that downward stray ;
Drifting in each gust, or shedding
Noiseless o'er the path I'm treading.

IX.

With my damp and heavy loading
I plod through the grey woods mourning,
Waters roar, and skies are boding,
But—my cottage fire is burning—
What care I for toil and mire
When seated by my broad red fire.

X.

Then, some doleful ditty chanting,
Dear old times my memory brings me,
And old faces—that are wanting ;
Still my heart their story sings me,
While through the pane shines in a star
Pointing where the lost ones are.

XI.

Thus my life is onward flowing,
Rest and labour alternating ;
Spring has kissed the Summer glowing,
Winter is for Autumn waiting,
And beside me stands the Tree
That yet will shade me leafily.

Lucy's Attire.

As maidens pluck from changing fields
The varying blooms to deck their hair,
So like the hue the season yields
Should be garb of woman's wear :
Now in raiment rich and precious,
Now in simple dress delicious ;

Boddice ripe as rubious cherry,
Kerchief black as ivy berry ;
Sad and sere, or bright and merry ;
Imaging in fancies dear
All the glories of the year.

First, when comes the dewy Spring,
Through the frosted morning air,
And the bird relumes its wing
With callow white, and azures rare ;
Lucy's robe shall be of blue,
Tender as the April skies,
Dappled o'er with tracteries
Quaint and simple, like some bed
Of mossy violets sprink'd with red
Of daisies peeping through the dew.

Then her lithe and slender waist
With ribband girdle shall be graced :
Round her heart with pressure slight
Coily creeping, 'till it join
Sideway in a cluster fine ;
Fine and fond, as though it ran
Panting till it closed its span—
Then drooping faint with pure delight,
Cosy knots of crimson too,
Shall deck her bosom soft and true,
While cunning fringes, white and neat,
Waver prim from waist to feet ;
Like the tricky traits, I guess,
Of sweet feminine finesse :—
Such a robe as this must wing
Lucy like a shape of Spring.

When the Summer's sultry noon
 Flecks her chamber with its rays ;
Or in arbours sweet, the moon,
 Warmly waning through the haze,
Sheds along her careless hair
Languid lustres, she shall wear
Floating robes of purest white,
And perfled scarf as airy light
As morning cloud : but when the crown
Of golden Autumn turns to brown,
And sad the wind of sunset blows
About the evening's shortened close ;
When bees have settled in their hive,
And leaf-strewn gates are closed at five,
When moonlight fays in pantries flock
O'er milky pail, and honey crock,
Oh, then, in garb of russet, she
Shall pace the rounds of housewifery ;
 With key bunch safe in apron fold,
 Mix with the twilight ouths, and feast
 In morning casements, looking east,
 The bright-eyed robin puff'd with cold.

When December's leaden day
 Scarcely breaks the clasp of night,
Soft shall be her garb, and gay
 Soft and warm in winter's spite :
Netted wreaths of closest coil
Shall guard her locks in silken toil ;
Bonnets blithe of darling dies,
Enshade her forehead's coquetries ;
 Collars, crescent-shaped and white,

Needled from the flaxen skein,
Round her gentle throat will show
Like a wreath of crispy snow ;
Even her finger tips shall glow
In tiny gloves that fit as tight
As pink sheaths of the perfumed bean.

But when norland tempests stir,
Blowing o'er the frosted lands,
She must wear, without demur,
Cosy refuges of fur
For sweetest neck, and cold white hands ;
So that whosoe'er she meet
Shall deem her soft salute a treat :
And though skies be gray and dull
Round about her, yet within,
Mantle lined with warmest wool,
Shall her heart make merry din ;
As she treads the noonday town
Toward the costly decked bazaar ;
Or by evening forest brown
Wanders with her favourite star.
Such shall seem her outward dress ;
As the mystic seasons roll
Seasoned with them ; while no less
Shall their image tinge her soul,
Chaste as chill December ; bright
As starry July's summer night ;
Pure as April's gellid buds,
Rich as August's fruited woods ;
Blending in its many moods
Nature's warmth with Heaven's light.

Artist's Song.

VIVE LA BOHEME.

I.

OURS is an Arab life, they say,
Sweet Fancy-friends, 'tis truth they tell,
Yet, somehow, can we find each day
A peaceful palm, and quiet well ;
Our wants are few where beauties shine,
And beauties shine o'er earth and sea ;
Let fate give others gold and wine,
But leave us Art and Liberty !
We'll speed each sorrow
Towards the morrow
Where the golden clouds have birth,
While, like the swallow,
Still we follow
Summer and freedom round the earth.

II.

'Tis true, we smile at custom's form,
Art looks for truth in everything,
And birds that sing through sun and storm
Would lose, if caged, both voice and wing :
The bird that lives uncaged, unsought
(Our neighbour in the ivy tree),
And sings his song each morn, is not
More careless of the world than we ;
We may grow rich,
And win our niche,

And change our views, and change our mirth—
Till then we follow,
Like the swallow,
Fancy and freedom round the earth.

III.

Our mansions, they are baseless yet,
The sunny fields our only pew,
A faithful dog our household pet,
Our "public" but a friend or two ;
Yet poverty has many modes
Of doubling such sweet charms as come :
We've rambles o'er the pleasant roads,
We've moonlight songs returning home.
When we grow¹ great
In carriage state
We yet may roll in gouty worth ;
Till then¹ we follow,
Like the swallow,
Summer and sunshine round the earth.

IV.

Within the little chamber there
How many an hour we've won from earth !
Oh, glorious refuge, ten feet square,
For lonely work and youthful mirth !
There rise our pictures like the dream
That soothes the poor man all the night ;
Our systems, wonderful as steam,¹
Our strains, unknown as exquisite ;

Some day divine
Abroad they'll shine—
Till then we live in fortune's dearth,
And like the swallow,
Follow, follow,
Summer and fortune round the earth.

V.

There oft our chorused voices roll—
'Tis beer alone inspires our folk ;
There theories of Star and Soul
Grow clear amid tobacco smoke.
No watch have we, but o'er the town
Time tolls the hour in crimson light ;
No princely company we own,
'Tis Shakspeare only cheers the night ;
Our wit abounds,
Each voice resounds,
We yet may win a calmer hearth—
Till then we follow,
Like the swallow,
Beauty and sunshine round the earth.

VI.

Yet have we something dearer, friends,
Than hearts that pulsate fearlessly ;
Something diviner Heaven sends,
Like stars that light a lonely sea.
Oh, we have hope for all who've flown !
Oh, we have angels in the air,
Beloved souls that, all unknown,

Still follow us from year to year.
In mournful cares,
In silent prayers,
We think o'er all who've blessed our hearth,
And deem they follow,
Like the poor swallow,
All that they love around the earth.

VII.

Then let us dwell in such delight
As heart and soul can give alone,
And with wild fancy's charms to-night
Revel, while time is yet our own ;
While yon rich autumn cloud unrolls,
And fills with gold our casement nigh ;
While the great stars, like poet souls,
Look in on Art and Liberty !
Where nature beams
We'll weave our dreams,
Where folly struts we'll have our mirth,
And, like the swallow,
Follow, still follow,
Freedom and Light around the earth.

Song of All Hallow's Eve.**I.**

THE year is growing aged and dull;
Late rise the days, and weary soon;
With morning fog the fields are full,
And fall the leaves with evening's moon.
Shut to the doors, and gather nigh'r,
Our summer time is scarcely past;
Beside the fire, with cup and lyre,
We'll soon outsing the winter's blast.
Hour upon hour
Over our bower,
Shining and swift, departs, departs;
Time to-night
Will quicken his flight,
To follow awhile our bounding hearts.

II.

Lo ! Autumn passed, with face of care,
This eve along the dusky road,
Nut clusters tinkled in his hair,
And rosy apples formed his load.
All friendless, by the withered thorn
The kind brown spirit lingered long,
Log heap the fire, sing higher, higher,
And cheer his ghost with light and song.
Hour upon hour,

Over our bower,
Mellow and mild departs, departs.
Time to-night
Must quicken his flight
To follow awhile our bounding hearts.

III.

Send round the wine of summer earth,
And speed the winter's twilight game ;
Bend, maidens, round the glowing hearth,
And guess at lovers by its flame ;
Soon Love shall ring from yonder spire
The joy each fairy nut foretells ;
Love strike the lyre, love guard the fire,
And tune our lives like marriage bells.

Hour on hour,
Over our bower,
Shining and swift departs, departs.
Time to-night
Has quickened his flight
To follow awhile our bounding hearts.

IV.

Smile, silvered Age, upon the band
Of joyous children grouped below—
Bright travellers from the morning land]
Where we have wandered years ago.
The dawning heart to heaven is nigher
Than wisdom's snowiest brow can soar.
Sing to the lyre, circle the fire,
And mingle with your youth once more !

Hour upon hour,
Over our bower,
Shining and swift departs, departs,
Time to-night
Has quickened his flight
To follow awhile our bounding hearts.

V.

Far off the monarchs march to war
Amid the trumpet's storming tones,
And frowning worship Victory's star
Upon their sword-illuminated thrones.
The noise of chain and cannon dire
Rolls bleakly through the barren hours ;
Sing to the lyre, close round the fire,
Our only chains are chains of flowers.
Hour upon hour,
Over our bower,
Shining and soft departs, departs ;
Time, though a king,
Has quickened his wing
This night to follow our bounding hearts.

VI.

Loud o'er the roof of the tempest moans,
And mirth would last as loud and long,
But yonder bell, in trembling tones,
Has blended with our ceasing song.
The children drowse, the girls retire
To dream of love and fortune's smile.

Farewell, old lyre, and friendly fire,
And happy souls, farewell awhile.
Hour after hour,
Over our bower,
Mellow and mild, departs, departs.
Now Time will sing
Beneath his wing
A soothing song to our dreaming hearts.

The Minstrel's Appointment.

I.

THE other even I walked a mile
To the moonlit steep a-south of the Isle,
To meet three white little Spirits of light
Who come with the first star over the sea,
To whisper and sing to the listening
Of their lonely friend, an old Vine tree.

II.

I carried an ozier basket brimmed
With grapes and nectarines purple rimm'd,
And odour buds from the myrtle woods
Whither I wandered that same day,
And my old lute, that waited mute
To sing to their dance beside the bay.

III.

Scarce had I crossed the belts of sand
That yellowy gird the low woodland,
When, by the well in the grapey dell,
I caught their song on the autumn wind ;
Another second, and all three beckoned,
While shook with joy the tree behind.

IV.

As by the old vine's twisted root
I scattered the festal bunches of fruit,
The moon-born Three danced up on my knee,
And kissed my forehead, and stroked my hair—
"Oh ! blessings roll upon thee, good soul,
For these bright flowers, and fruitage rare."

V.

Then down, mid the crisp leavessat we four,
And spread the feast on the scented floor :
Tore in two each grape bunch blue,
And piled them by us with many a laugh ;
Thrust the blossoms into our bosoms,
And cleft each rare red peach in half.

VI.

Oh ! how they plied their pearly teeth
Through crimson pulp and pippin sheath,
Their fingers stained with the drops that rained
From bloomy grape and nectarine rare ;
Of apple sweet, of quince they eat,
And the gritty grain of the juicy pear.

VII.

Gaily this wondrous feast went on ;
The old Vine murmured, the old moon shone ;
The three spirits white stepped into the light
To dance a starry measure divine ;
" Pause yet awhile," I said, with a smile,
And drew from my vesture a chalice of wine.

VIII.

Up in the moonlight their fingers they flung,
Snap them with joyance, carolled and sung :
" A health unto thee and the old Vine tree "
Rung through the air in silvery chorus ;
" His wine is sweet, but a daintier treat,
Minstrel, from thy sweet lute's before us."

IX.

" What shall my song be, blithesome sprites ?
Such as I dittied on bygone nights—
" The Fate of the Star ? " " Too mournful far ? "
" The Song of the Forest, or Song of the Sea ? " "
But all cried out with a merry shout,
" Oh, friend, let us ask the Old Vine Tree."

X.

Then round his twisted trunk they twined,
And patted his bark so wrinkled and blind.
" Touch not that bough beside you now,"
The old voice said in a querulous whine—
" 'Tis been half dead since Summer's fled :"—
Ho ! ho ! the cross, old, gouty vine !

XI.

" But pile the moss around my feet,
And let me feel the sunset's heat ;
Then sing, sing away, as best you may,
The praise of the grape I've reared so pure ;
Though I may be loth to praise their growth,
The Minstrel knows their worth, be sure."

XII.

Then jocund grew our friend, though old,
And purple laughter o'er him rolled
As he shook to the feet with his own conceit,
And winked a sly old leaf or two ;
The while I took from a mossy nook
My lute, and sung as I sing to you.

THE VINE SONG.

The grape is the only fruit of the skies :
'Tis suckled with dew in the springtime bright ;
Then, lapped in leaves, awhile it lies,
To learn their songs in the evening light.
Crimson sunsets lend it a hue—
Airs of summer, being and breath ;
Under the heaven's palace of blue
None that drink of it dream of death.
In each grape there dwells a sprite,
Born of fancy, pleasure, and light ;
Every bubble that sparks the bowl
Holds in its dome a starry soul.

Then would you think
Like a spirit, drink—
Drink, drink of the joyous wine,
Up to the brain,
Again and again,
Those wits of the stars shall mount and shine.

Lovers, shed your happiest smiles
Under the Vine where'er you go.
The tendrils shoot like passion's wiles,
The blushes under their shadows glow.
Friends, who around the bright hearth sing,
That friendship, like his arms, may cling
For ever around the walls of home.

Pray by the Vine, where e'er you roam,
Poets, looking through fancy's glass
Round the world for beauty and light,
Wheresoever the day you pass,
Under some old vine rest at night.
Every bough shall guard their guest,
And bend to the lip their rosiest wine ;
And every leaf that lulls to rest
Shall fill our spirits with dreams divine.

Oh ! when this heart has ceased to blow,
Oh ! when its love has failed to burn,
Scatter it still in its wit-bright glow
Into some cup's funereal urn :
Songs and smiles which charmed and shone
Over its bright brim many a night,
Murmuring yet of pleasures gone,
May charm its rest with echo and light.

XIII.

As thus we chirped, the moon among
The red leaves listened to our song,
And touched the sprites with gentle lights,
Well pleased within her silver mind—
The while our Tree all joyously
Kept time with her topmast branch in the wind.

XIV.

Then came our dance. On a mound of moss,
Golden with Autumn's silken gloss,
The little ones stood in jubilant mood.
As I tinkled the first light music bars—
Then pattered their feet, like silvery sleet,
And twinkled their eyes like woodland stars.

XV.

But brief was the life of our new delight ;
For far away in the purple night,
As they daintily hopp'd, a blue star dropp'd,
And chimed the hour on the distant sea :
Farewell, farewell ! that fairy bell
Put a close to our dance and minstrelsy.

XVI.

I saw them leap the foamy strand,
Where fluttered the waves on the breezy sand,
And oft look back on the shining track
That dappled the calm of ocean grey ;
Even heard their hymn, 'till they dwindled dim
As a sprinkle of starlight far away.

XVII.

Oh ! then, with pleased and pensive brow,
I kissed the old vine's drowsy bough ;
But with leaflets closed my comrade dozed ;
So home through the meadowy path I turned,
Where steady and bright,
My candle's light
In the ivied window redly burned.

Alice.

I.

BESIDE the ivied casement nook
In the grey Convent's western tower
Sits Sister Alice, with a book
Of holy thoughts before her laid,
And memory as clear of shade
As this sweet summer evening hour.

II.

She rests her head upon her hand,
Blue veined as the slenderest shell
Upon the ocean's moonlit strand :
Her lips are fresh and rich of hue,
As pure and chaste as ruddy dew
Upon the lily's drooping bell.

III.

Beneath her snowy vestal hood
There streams a wave of gentle gold :
Pale is her cheek with virgin blood,
Refined by meditation's light,
Like the spring crescent, April-bright,
Amid her vaporous mantle's fold.

IV.

She sees the town's dim line afar—
Her nearest glimpse of earthly shores—
Beneath the steady evening star :
While from the Chapel underneath
The cedar scent of incense breath
Floats up the twilight corridors.

V.

Oft times, her duties o'er the while,
She looks along the world's domain
As from a happy summer isle :
There 'mid the brown of furrowed soil
The peasant speeds his weary toil
By distant hillocks blue with rain.

VI.

High o'er the stretch of hazy lands,
Beside its skirt of forest trees,
With sultry porch the castle stands :
The grey air drowns round the noon,
Untoned, save by the flouting tune
Of lazy banner on the breeze.

VII.

At night, the turrets are a-flame,
And revel redly lights the board :
Vain life flits through its narrow fame,
And, passing, leaves no sign beneath,
Save in the lady's wither'd wreath,
Or broken wine cup of the lord.

VIII.

At noon, at eve, in hours of rest
A world of pictures pass her by ;
The river floating to the west,
Beneath dark crescents of a bridge ;
Deep woods along the mountain ridge,
Dim ruins in the crimson sky.

IX.

At eve she sees the peasants come,
With faces glittering in the glow,
Down through the old mill's dusty hum ;
Or pausing by the village well,
While tolls the lowly twilight bell,
And woodward blackly sails the crow.

X.

Oft times, in raptured musings cast,
Her soul recalls the days that beamed
In glory through the pagan past ;
When all the earth was roll'd in war,
Ere Christ's white revelation star
Along the shepherd valleys streamed.

XI.

Oft when the world is dumb with snow
When darkness roofs the level dawn,
She muses o'er all Life below,
With adoration of the Good ;
While round, great shadows glide and brood,
And morning glitters cold and wan.

XII.

In tranced hours of calm divine
Old voices murmur through the night
Along the distant gleaming brine ;
Old figures tread the tracts of air
O'er famished fields, and spaces where
Some blue star sheds its thinnest light.

XIII.

Oft by her casement's gloried pane,
Her cheek with spirit-vigil worn,
Earth and old sorrow seem to wane ;
When, upon fresh eternal wings,
The resurrection sunlight springs
Above the skies of Easter morn !

XIV.

Hark ! how afar the slow bell tolls
In the grey drowse of th' evening clouds !
Now pious rite for parted souls
Is uttering ; but, so light her tread,
She angers not the chapeled dead,
A-listening in their frosted shrouds.

XV.

And now the hour of twilight prayer
Sounds from the belfry o'er the land.
Beside the lamp-lit altar there,
With worship-wistful eyes upraised,
In raptured calm her soul is mazed,
While round her the White Sisters stand.

XVI.

White stand the wintry Sisterhood,
Like cypress trees engarbed in snow—
Still mute in their pure, prayerful mood,
As scarcely yet returned from Heaven ;
To Alice each a kiss has given—
Like rain their lips have touched her brow.

XVII.

At last, within her linen'd nest,
She lies beneath the latticed leaves
That fall moon-shadow'd o'er her rest :
Sleep comes with prayer: deep heaven broods
Above the breadth of balmy woods—
The splendrous rim of ocean heaves !

XVIII.

God fills the lustrous void around,
And closer meets the wakeful eye,
When mortals slumber without sound ;
God breathes upon each peaceful heart
That rests in solitude apart
Beneath His blue immensity.

XIX.

Oh, happy life remote from ill !
Oh, life whose sacred tenor rolls
On to its peaceful Heaven, still,
And bright, 'mid sympathies for all
Who breathe around this starry ball—
'Mid loving prayers for vanished souls.

XX.

Oh, happy life enshrined in good,
Secure in calm, removed afar
From all the shocks of brain and blood—
The smile of fortune's fulsome eye,
The bitterness of enmity,
The vain world's hollow peace or war !

XXI.

Yes, little Alice, once so wild
With play, beneath the bronzing noon,
Is grown the Old Sky's foster child,
All chilly changed—an orb'd light
Amid the holy calm of night
Moving the heart-wave like a moon.

A May-Day Rebel.

ONCE from the throne of Faery shrined,
'Mid wooded mountains o'er the Bay
Of sweet Rostrevor, issued forth
An edict through the azure North,
Granting a jocund holiday
To beast and bird and insect bright
Then breathing in the Summer light :
A gracious edict, well designed,
Written in laughter, kingly kind,
And published on the morning wind.

Say, Muse of mountain wilds and streams,
Of wandering airs and glancing beams,
Say, frolic Muse, the cause of this ?
A simple cause ! the King who bore
The ferny sceptre of Clough More
Was wedded just ; his bride adored,
A lively sprite of Carlingford,
With soul so dignified and pure,
And lips so lovesome and demure,
That every Fairy round that shore
Had given his kingdom for a kiss.
She being asked to name the day,
Fluttered her primrose fan, and then,
In tones as timid as a wren,
Said, " Let it be the first of May."

Whereat the monarch bowed and broke
The crimsoned silence, while he spoke
As follows, 'mid his courtiers gay :
 " With judgment hast thou chosen the hour,
 Thou sweetest sprite of earth and air ;
 And here beneath those eyes I swear,
By every sun-drop in the shower—
By every mountain, spray, and flower,
 That, as of old, the festal sun
 That lights the day of good St. John
 Shall view this space of shore and sea
 Entranced in rich festivity :
Here, then, we yield by Sovereign law,
 To all whom it concerns around,
 By shore, or wood, or meadowy mound,
A joyous saturnalia."
He said : the scribe who waited near,
With thistle pen behind his ear,
Encharactered the royal brier,
In haste upon a willow leaf ;
 The while that gracious king, intent
 On largess and the public weal.
With smiling forehead, o'er it bent,
And sealed it with his crocus seal.

Scarce was the proclamation borne
Along the wandering winds of Mourne,
 When, on a hill the sheep who cropped
 In slopes of dewy pasture green
 (A dull day business of routine),
Pricked up their white mild ears, and—stopped ;

And toward the group a grave grey ram,
With cunning horns, and face of calm,
As such a patriarch king behoved,
Came paged by an attendant lamb ;
" Your hear, my friends—a holiday,"
That specious guide was heard to say :
" Come, let us from those pastures pass ;
Here have we cropped whate'er we can
Of verdure, and to-day for man
We need not care one blade of grass ;
Come round by cool Kilkeel till dark,
Let's go and have a quiet lark ;"
And heading straight his flock away,
They trotted gaily towards the bay.

Then 'mid the giant oaks sublime
Around a stately fronted hall,
With ivied eaves and chimneys tall,
Red brick embossed with mossy rime,
The feathered choristers awake
For some three hours of golden calm,
At once surceased their matin psalm.
Some sauntered to the distant brake,
Whose ruddy berries hung profuse
Their pendulous cups of summer juice ;
Some winged them toward the waterfall
That through the granite flashed in foam,
And hopped, and dipp'd, and drank their share,
In joyouset abandon there ;
While others, keeping nearer home,
Thronged round the grassy garden lake.

Oh, such a frolic revel ne'er
Was seen beneath the dome of air !
Down from its chimnied nest where he
Reflective passed the smoky noons,
The speckled Magpie drop'd below,
Leaving his hoarded treasury
Of rags, and leaves, and gold doubloons,
Of straws, and bones, and silver spoons ;
And with one black eye open wide,
And head a little bent aside,
Stood chaffing with a cautious crow.

But what was this to the Tom Tit ?
Beneath a broad laburnum's shade,
Elate with morning air he hung
Vivacious, chatted, prank'd, and sung ;
And though the Magpie in the sun
Looked in sarcastic silence on,
He cared not ! but around him made
Each wren and robin of the glade
Shake in their feathers at his wit.
In fact, he held th' assembly's ear ;
While round him, merrily and fast,
Sweet song and conversation passed,
'Mid new removes of seed and berry ;
No lack appeared of jovial cheer,
Or harmony, save once, when there—
A transient difference arose,
But ended ere it came to blows—
Between two sparrows, for a cherry.

Soon from his shadowy bed of straw,
Where he had stretched the live-long night,
With keen nose laid along his paw,
The Watch-Dog stroll'd into the light,
And shook himself: all through the noon
Of darkness had he rested there,
Quite undisturbed by noise or care;
Though, now and then, for duty's sake,
He growled, to mark th' obtrusive moon
Her proper distance o'er the lake,
Or barked—to keep the house awake.
Then, near a pool whose placid space
Was dimpled by the insect throng,
Big fussy flies with buzzing song,
Grey gnats adroit, with tickling stings,
And harmless water-sprites with wings
Of splend'rous emerald and blue,
A flashing, light, finessing crew,
That honest guardian took his place.
He snapp'd—he miss'd—again he snapp'd—
He miss'd—for so the fortune happ'd;
And as around him buzz'd and spun
The myraid mischiefs in the sun,
With each mischance he tried to smile,
And nodding toward them said the while—
That, after all—" 'twas only fun!"
At which the Tit, with one neat *mot*,
Convulsed the company: and, lo!
The grey Ass in the paddock stood,
And gazed upon this passing sport
With discontented eye amort,

And gravely pondering, patient head.
Then taking some half-hour to think,
To knit each slow inductive link,
Observe, deduce, revolve, conclude,
With ears maturely raised, he said—
“ Well, really—this is very good.”

Thus sped the day o'er sky and earth,
Grown instinct with fantastic mirth ;
While elfest shapes beneath the trees
Roved in ecstatic companies—
And blackbird's song and insect's joke
On leafy branch or pleached flower,
In melody and sparkle broke,
To charm the sun's declining hour.

There, in the pleasant summer cavern
Of his honeysuckle tavern,
Sidelong stretched a tipsy Bee,
Buzzing forth, inconstantly,
Incoherent hummings, funny.
Near, a comrade waxing spruce,
As he pruned him in the sun,
Droned a wise reproof to one
Less overcome with luscious juice ;
Ere to his bachelor abode
(An oak tree on the townward road,
Hard by an effervescing spring)
He wandered on unsteady wing,
Chanting a bacchant song of honey,
Yet, like the rest, he reached his home
Before the drowse of twilight gloom,

From the reefs the storm bird's screaming
Mingled with the water's roar,
Shrills across the sandy ridges and the salt grass
of the shore.

Keen the grey ground wind is blowing
Through the thistles and the heath ;
O'er the snarling billows scudding, blowing in their
foamy teeth. • -

Blackness roofs the dreary inland
Closing down the pallid glare :
Silently the gaunt-winged crane is poising in the
sullen air.

While across the flats of sand
The stealthy spring-tide laps the shores,
Whilst along the rocky deeps the billows burst in
stormy roars.

All is darkness for a space,
Until from out the foggy south
Slowly comes the great white moon, as from a
mighty cavern's mouth.

Slow through bars of brassy cloud
Her icy splendours broadening roll,
Brightening in her shroud she rises, like a purga-
torial soul.

Lo ! beneath a shadowed headland,
Stretching heavily to sea,
In a gusty creek a barge swings o'er her anchor
restlessly.

Blackly flutter the dim sails,
And, streaming through the cabin glass,
Falls the smoky flame upon the curling billows as
they pass.

On a mound that views the inland
Move a group of figures slow :
Windy crest and iron'd stature looming in the
moonlight low.

Yonder skirting the pine forest,
In the blackness of the land,
Rises the old Palace Castle, with its turret blazing
brand.

On the dim flats intervening
Scarcely meeting the dusk sight,
Lie vague lengths of dismal waters, glossy in the
night.

And the shifting wind is rising,
And the barge's canvas fills,
And the marshy inland brightens, and the moon
has topped the hills.

Restless grow the figures,
Like a group of dawn-a-startled corses,
Hark ! their pricking ears are listening to the gallop-
ing of horses.

Hark ! a distant trumpet's blasting,
And the palace starts awake,
Every window flaming as 'twere peopled from the
burning lake.

O'er the moor roll sounds of fury,
Heavy trampling, misty splashing,
Foes are flying, foes pursuing, amid torch and
sabre flashing.

Now the foremost come, their steeds
Outflinging in a gallop span—
Haunch a-backward staggered stop they, and to
earth off springs each man.

And the leader of the foray,
Scorched and blooded, points his mace
Seaward—wolfish murder gleaming from the lines
of his grey face.

All are weighed with gold and booty,
As they downward tramp the steep;
All arrived a jutting crag, spring deckward in a
flinging leap.

By the prow the dripping anchor
Sudden swings, and swells the sail,
Like a vast and angry pinion matching with the
wintry gale.

With the wintry gale that from
The roaring forests inland, soon
Whitens the long foamy ridges toward the hori-
zontal moon.

Headland after headland passes
As they norward shape their course:
Side long to the sea the vessel scuds before the
tempest's force.

And the moon gets high and clouded,
And the ice-star shines forlorn
O'er the towns wherein the watch at midnight
winds a lonely horn.

Where before the castle's fire,
The bearded princes speed the feast ;
Where the sullen grave-mound covers white bones
pointed to the east.

Then, as o'er the black night ocean,
In the storm wind strong and loud,
Onward flew the torch-lit vessel, rapid as a fiery
cloud.

While the snow flaw gusting smote
The fur-clad helmsman as it passed,
While from hand to hand the mead cup circled
round the straining mast,
One, an aged champion, rising trolled their day
deeds to the blast.

Singing of the white lands norward,
And the sports that wait them there,
Spearing the blub sleeky walrus, hunting down the
fangy bear—

Then, as from the rock the signal
Pacted with the sulphry ore
Calls the weary fog sea whalers with their oily
wealth to shore,

They will have a riot-rouse,
Long as the long Iceland night,
Then the deeds of this wild day will make the
memory lamp burn bright.

Singing by the roaring log-fire
Nightly in the snowy grange,
Living an exultant life beneath the crowns of their
revenge.

Singing of the raids and forays,
And the wars they yet would wage—
Wild wanderers of the world of waves, fierce figures
of a barbarous age.

Courage-crowned indeed, but cruel,
As the northern rocks and gales—
Now shadows on the rim of ocean, coursed by bright
commercial sails.

Winter: Life and Scenery.

BARE Winter owns the earth at last ;
The white sun rises late and slow,
With scatter'd fires, and breathes the blast
Bitterly from the hills of snow :
The world is dumb, the stream is dead,
The dim shrubs shiver by the pane,
And sounds, as from some aged brain,
Swoon from the poplar overhead.

Yet, though chill clouds of morning grey
Around our lonely roof are rolled,
From wintry day we'll turn away,
Nor heed, by yonder hearth, the cold.

Come, Mary, close beside me rest,
While flames the cheery crackling hearth ;
The while our pleasant morning guest
Shall gossip stories of the earth :
Here shall we read of mighty wars
That tyrants glory to renew—
Great struggles of the good and true—
Wild voyages under foreign stars :
The world has still its faery tale ;
Still new Alladins search for gold—
Hark ! it is but the wandering gale,
Tapping the pane with fingers cold.

A walk ?—yes, through the clear-aired day,
Still facing southward let us go,
Where spreads the quiet sky away
In slips, like the blue lakes in the snow.
The land is dark, the forests sigh—
See yonder branch, all ledged with sleet,
The numb bird clasps with tiny feet,
And chirps a little shivering cry.
Ah ! bleakly breathes the bitter air ;
Come, Mary, by the woods we'll hold ;
The woods shall yield, though grey and bare,
A kindly shelter from the cold.

All day beneath the sullen sky
Some mighty Presence labours round ;
The sunlight glimmers dolefully,
The leaves are starched along the ground :
Blank sounds the gunshot through the air
In frosted fields and fens beyond,
And dumb beside the harden'd pond
The cattle stand with piteous stare :—
But though the season wild and bleak,
Swathes earth in many a snowy fold,
Yet, Mary sweet, your chilly cheek
It only rosies o'er with cold.

Hark ! now from yonder bosky mounds
Echoes the clear hilarious horn !
In circles yelp the spotted hounds
In empty fields all stubble-shorn :
The jocund huntsmen gallop forth
'Mid slanting drifts of pelting hail,
And, bending, breast the icy gale
Set in with noon from the blue north :—
Press closer, closer to my side ;
In muffling mist the sun has rolled,
The frost-ghost wanders far and wide,
The sky is dark, the world is cold.

Yet oft we paced o'er this old walk,
With summer moss beneath our feet,
When o'er the moor the shepherd's flock
Drowsed in the heavy evening heat ;
And drifted past the cottage eaves,
As crimson dusk crept o'er the flood,

From the red bonfire in the wood,
The sweet faint scent of burning leaves :
Oft then, as through the quiet trees
The sunset streamed in shafts of gold,
We sighed for one sweet temperate breeze
To freshen earth with norland cold.

Now turn we, as the sun aloof
Strikes o'er the level earth the while,
And on our distant cottage roof
Burns with a parting yellow smile.
The numb wind wanders in a swoon
From the far cloud line puffed with snow,
And coldly, coldly breathes below
The thin light of the dim day-moon.
Pace quick—the stars look icy bright ;
Pace quick, and close the mantle fold,
For, lo ! our little window's light
Beacons us homeward from the cold.

Night rises o'er the desolate scene,
The crows push through the darkness blind ;
The children play on the village green,
Their voices lost in whirls of wind.
List !—how the wintry storm-march hums
Along the space of shadowing floods ;
In the hollow clouds beyond the woods
We hear them beat their dolorous drums :
Ah ! this shall be a piteous night
For wanderers over sea and wold ;
Our little porch is hooded white,
The ice-drops gitter in the cold.

Come, pile the fire, bring forth the books,
Gay song, and southern sweet romance ;
Let harvest-groups, with joyous looks,
Beneath the walnut's shadows dance.
In this old tome a wand we've found,
To change to youth the winter's age :—
As thy light fingers turn the page,
The heavy world shall roll around ;
So read me tales of tropic days,
By some brown, bright-eyed traveller told,
Till o'er the palms we seem to gaze
Beneath some sultry curtain's fold.

Still here, through winter white and bleak,
By this lone cottage-hearth we'll dwell,
While round the shores the surges break,
While tolls at night the tempest-bell.
Dear home affection, pure and true,
Shall light the little space we're given,
And though Love's world is wide as heaven,
My Mary, yet it holds but two ;
So, pillowed heart to heart, we'll sing,
While beats the rain and blows the cold—
Till crocus playmates of the Spring
In shelter'd corners bloom in gold.

The Faerie's Child.

I.

AMID the nut grove, still and brown,
The Faerie's Child is walking.
List, list, as the leaves come down,
To the sprites around her talking.
Along the windy, wavy grass
Their evening whispers breathe and pass :
From yon aged bending bough
Their leafy language floats below ;
And now o'erhead in the air 'tis streaming.
Oh ! who can tell what things she hears—
What secrets of the faery spheres,
That fill her eyes with silent tears !
Sweet wandering fancy-charmed child,
With cheek so pale, and eyes so wild,
Oh ! what shall come of this lonely dreaming !

II.

Down by the sun-dry harvest road,
Through quiet evening's hours,
She paces with her scented load
Of late-year moss and flowers.
B'ooms from the wood of every hue,
Moon pale, purple, jet, and blue ;
Woven in bunches, and lightly press'd
Upon her simple, snowy breast,
And through the brown locks wildly tressed
Nodding in crownlets o'er her.

And, lo ! as the cloud on ocean's brim
With moonlight has enriched its rim,
A quaint wild shape, with kindly eyes,
And a smile like a star of the distant skies,
Goes tripping along the path before her.

III.

Now by her pillow, small and white,
'Mid faded leaflets lying,
An eager star, like a taper light,
O'er the curtain's edge is spying.
The scent of the broom-buds fills the room ;
The window is full of the bare blue gloom ;
And by the low hearth ashily sinking,
Half asleep is a fairy winking.
Out in the air there comes a sound
Of music eddyng round and round, -
The ivied chimnies—swooning near
The glassy pane, and streaming clear
As moonlight into the little ear,
Like a shell in brown weed gleaming :
And just as the first bird, mounted high
On the sycamore's tinkling canopy,
Sings to the first red streak of day,
Her soul with the fairies speeds away,
O'er field and s'ream, and hamlet grey,
Where the weary folk are dreaming.

The Forge.

I.

IN the gloomy mountain's lap
Sleeps the village dark and quiet ;
All have passed their labour-nap ;
And the peasant, half awaking,
A blind yawning stretch is taking,
Ere he turns to rest again ;
There is not a sound of riot,
Not a sound save that of pain,
Where some aged bones are aching ;
Lo ! the moon is in the wane—
Even the moon a drowse is taking.

II.

By the blossomed sycamore,
Filled with bees when day is o'er it,
Stands the Forge, with smoky door :
Idle chimney, blackened shed—
All its merry din is dead ;
Broken shaft and wheel disused
Strew the umbered ground before it,
And the streamlet's voice is fused
Faintly with the cricket's *chirrup*,
As it tinkles clear and small
Round the glooming hearth and wall,
Hung with rusty shoe and stirrup.

III.

Yes, the moon is in the wane—
Hark ! a sound of horses tramping
Down the road with might and main ;
Through the slaty runnels crumbling—
Comes a carriage, swinging, rumbling,
Round the steep quick corner turning ;
Plunge the horses, puff'd and champing ;
Like the eyes of weary ghosts,
The red lamps are dimly burning.
Now 'tis stopt—and one springs down,
And cries unto the sleeping town—
“ Ho ! for a blacksmith—ho ! awake !
Bring him that will his fortune make—
The best, the best your village boasts !”

IV.

Up springs the brawny blacksmith now,
And rubs his eyes, and brushes off
The iron'd sweat upon his brow,
Hurries his clothes and apron on,
And wakes his wife, and calls his son,
And opes the door to the night air,
And gives a husky cough ;
Then hastens to the horses, standing
With hung heads, and hotly steaming,
And sees a dark-eyed youth out-handing
A sweet maiden, light and beaming.

V.

He strikes a lusty shoulder-blow :
“ Four shoes,” he cries, “ are quickly wanting :”

His face is in an eager glow—
“Take my purse and all that’s in its
Heart, if you in twenty minutes
Fit us for the road.” The smith
Looks at the wearied horses panting,
Then at the clustering gold,
And thinks, as he falls to his work,
He dreams, a mine-dream, rusty murk,
That this is but some faery myth—
A tale to-morrow to be told.

VI.

But now the forge fire spirts alive
To the old bellows, softly purring ;
In the red dot the irons dive ;
Brighter and broader it is glowing,
Stronger and stronger swells the blowing :
The bare-armed men stand round and mutter
Lowly while the cinders stirring—
Ho ! out it flames, ’mid sparkles dropping,
Splitting, glittering, flying, hopping ;
Heavily now the hammers batter,
All is a glaring din and clatter !

VII.

In the cottage, dimly lighted,
By the taper’s drowsy glare,
Stands the gentle girl benighted ;
By her side for ever hovers
That dark youth, oh, best of lovers !
Daring all that love will dare
With an aspect firm and gay :

Now the moon seems shining clearer—
Hark! a sound seems swooning nearer
From the heathy hills; the maid
Lists with ear acute; and while
One there, with brave, assuring smile,
Smooths her forehead's chestnut braid,
The danger softly dies away.

VIII.

Now the forge is in a glow,
Bellows roaring, irons ringing;
Three are made; and blow on blow
Sets the patient anvil singing;
"Another shoe—another, hark ye!"
Ra-ra, ra-ra, ra-ra-rap
Split the ruddy sheddings sparky,
Ra-ra, ra-ra, ra-ra-ra-rap!
Strikes the quick and lifted hammer
On the anvil, bright and worn;
While amid the midnight there
Beyond the ruddy streaming glare,
With a yellow, misty glamour,
Looks the moon upon the corn.

IX.

On the hill-road, moving nigher,
Hurries something dimly shooting,
Glances from two eyes of fire:
"Haste! oh, haste!" they're working steady:
Cries the blacksmith, "Now they're ready."

Pats the pawing horses, testing
On the ground their iron footing ;
Helps the lady, lightly resting
On his black arm, up the carriage ;
Takes the gold with doubt and wonder ;
And as o'er the stones and gorses
Tramp the hot pursuing horses,
Cries with voice of jolly thunder—
“ Trust me, *they* won't stop the marriage.”

X.

Scarce a minute's passed away
When, oh, magic scene ! the village
Lies asleep, all hushed and grey ;
But, hark ! who throng again the street
With roaring voices, brows of heat ?
Come they here the town to pillage ?
No. Across the road o'erthrown,
Carriage creaks, by horses blown ;
“ Blacksmith, ho ! ” the travellers cry,
Not a taper cheers the eye ;
While, a-top a distant hill
Flushed with dawn-light's silent warning,
Speed the lovers toward the morning
With a rapid, right good-will ;
While, behind that father fretting,
The pale night-sick moon is setting.

The Challenge.

A VERSE-MAKING HOLIDAY.

I.

ONE Summer day in noonlight's hush,
When tired with Cupid's tongueless calm,
A maiden rose, amid a blush
That floated through her forehead's balm,
And snatching up a little book,
Her lover's fancied treasury,
She whispered, with a frolic look,
"Now shall I write some poesy!"
Oh, happy, happiest summer day,
Oh, rosiest day within the skies,
When love, who stole his pen away,
Sate making verse before his eyes.

II.

'Twas in a window o'er the stream,
The charm began—he knew not how:
He flushed amid this dainty dream;
She pale, with fancy-knitted brow;
But when he sate no longer still,
But cried out, filled with joy like wine;
"Hush," cried she, "idle boy, until
I catch the stream's sound in a line:"—
Oh, magic time, when one sweet elf
The faery days can thus renew,
When love, a little second self,
Sate doing all he loved to do.

III.

Then scrawled he too some throng of words,
To shape her beauty into rhyme ;
Before the golden dawn the birds
Sing sweeter far than other time ;
Coy lights of noon-day smoothly slid
O'er brow and form, and lingered there,
Kissed the red lip, and drooping lid,
And crystal ear, and silken hair :—
But, ah ! sweet fancy's magic power,
That gilds the poorest things with grace,
Was dazzled into dark that hour,
Or languished into commonplace.

IV.

The moated sunbeam crossed the room,
Her silver scarf she cast away,
And, tranced in meditative gloom,
Sate in her silken disarray ;
Once more he sought her hand and sighed,
But on her brow there flitted fast
A tiny tempest, lightning eyed,
That lived a second's space--and passed !
Oh ! but for one sweet azure look,
That after glowed, all tremblingly,
He'd thought, as close he closed his book,
That love had turned to poesy.

V.

And first, a village scene he sung :
Along some leafy evening road,

A group of lovers, bright and young,
Paced homeward: by the mountain stood
The rounded setting sun, afar
The sheep bells tinkled in the light;
And o'er their roof one little star
Throbbled like the first low pulse of night:—
Thus for a line or so his lore
Took shape, but glancing from his book
He caught the blue eyes' beam—no more:—
His theme evanished with that look.

VI.

Again, from centuries far removed,
He tried to tinkle amorous strains
Of courtly couples who had loved
In bright Elizabethan reigns.
Within a stately palace room
A bearded knight and lady fair,
Beneath the casement's curtain gloom,
Were whispering in the summer air;
A curled Cupid page anigh
Stood fluting gentlest song, the while
Some lean-legged antic, quaint of eye,
With quibbles stirred the group to smile.

VII.

At length one verse completed grew,
A little verse, a dainty dream,
Love-tinctured, timidly he drew,
And chose her Earring for a theme;
For had he cast her form or soul
In song, he knew the lines would jar;

As easy could a troubled pool
 Reflect some pure symmetric star.
So sung he there, at distance dear,
 Her charms, nor angered their repose,
Like wooing wind that fondles near
 The crimson of a perfect rose.

THE EARRING.

The other even, when the west
Was dim with gold, I saw you rest
Within the casement, looking o'er
The summer woods' and silent shore.

Your fair head drooped amid the light,
The hair waved from the temples bright,
All in the glowing moon of May
You slept in silken disarray.

Amid the dusk, one little ear,
Dipt warm and white, and sparkling clear
A little Earring, that seemed hewn
From some rich planet, caught the moon.

It seemed as though it won its light,
From lovers hearts all sad and bright,
Refined to essence in the well
Of Cupid's cruel crucible.

It seemed like some rich thought, that came
From angel lips in meteor flame
To reach your waking soul too late—
Still hanging nigh its crystal gate.

Ah ! could that little gem I see
But find a tongue, and whisper me
The words that pass it night and day,
What verses, sweet, I'd mould this May !

'Twere worth to be a minstrel then,
From Love's own wing I'd pluck my pen,
And listening in a mood divine
Trace its revealings in red wine.

What Wit, to please your fancy, fair,
Has sparkled round it in the air !
What solemn, bright Imaginings,
To touch thy spirit, waved their wings !

Perchance it is some amulet
Of music-might that guards you, sweet,
For near thee every lip, I guess
Turns to melodious tenderness.

And when, at night, asleep you lie,
What sprites trip o'er it daintily !
Aye, fairies rest upon it, ere
Into the soul your dreams they bear.

Methinks I see one sprite, who far
Has wandered from some yellow star,
So tired with his bright burthen there
He throws himself on your rich hair.

Who knows but 'mid their frolic feast,
In slumber you may be their guest,
Yes, banquet with them in your dream
On lily wine and cowslip cream.

Glow, little gem ! and when from her
Low heart of love at night you stir,
Breathe one faint whisper, as you shine,
Of that whose echo dies in mine.

Then from her tablet, word by word,
A music dream on airy wings
Rose, versed by vermil lips that stirred
The smooth air with thin tinklings.
Oh ! such a song as poet hears
When with his heart alone he lies,
And lets it brim his happy ears
With heaven's unsung melodies.

So sweet of phrase, so pure and bright,
That though his soul, with fancy fraught,
Oft culled, 'mid words of varied light,
Fit plumes to wing electric thought,
Yet, matched with utterance such as this,
Ceased charmless. Mute a moment there
He pressured on her hand one kiss,
And dropt his lyre in dear despair.

The contest o'er, they rose at last,
And toward the garden wandered on ;
The fountain winked as down they passed ;
And dipt in cloud the frolic sun.
White vapour scarfed the mountain's crest,
While blossomed plat and drooping trees
Seemed moved with meanings half expressed,
And stirred with tinkling silences.

As up and down the trellaced walk,
'Mid netted shadows, gusts of balm,
They paced in trance of sweetest talk,
Or happier yet content in calm.

At last, beneath white blossomed trees
That o'er the bubbled fountain's pool
Sung like the surge of summer seas,
Up in the blue air faint and cool
They sate ; and as the day went down,
And hiveward sailed the honied bee,
And o'er the fragrant forest's crown
The low stars glimmer'd silently,
Love's fingers stirred his fancies' mine,
While from the deeps a planet flung
Its sapphire-tinctured flame divine
Upon her forehead while he sung :—

SONG.

Mark how the bubbles spark and dance
Beneath the fountain's volume ;
They die, but still in jubilation
Flashes the sprayey column :
Ah ! such, sweet friend, is life on earth,
And such the joys within it,
The fount that gave the bubble birth
May crush it the next minute ;—
But be ours the bliss that, springing,
Drinks the light, and dies in singing.

Now all the world is growing dim,
The sunset flame is failing ;
O'er wood and ocean's orange rim
The rain's blue drift is sailing ;
Thus, sweet, may droop in tears the light
Of joy that goldens o'er us ;
No matter : short is summer night,
And dawn is still before us :—
Still shall life have sweetest morrows,
While its griefs are summer sorrows.

They say when, in yon woodland brake,
Its guardian Faery dozes,
His fellows pluck the blooms, and wake
His sleep with showering roses ;
And thus, should love in dreams apart
Forget some hour to breathe them,
Heap, heap the rose-leaves on his heart—
It ne'er will break beneath them.
Hearts that sleep in Cupid's bowers,
Must be waked with pelted flowers.

The Prophecy.

I.

As, past the land of Pyramids,
Went down the yellow day,
Within his shadowy evening tent
The dying Patriarch lay ;
A mighty man, with beard that strewed
His breast in waves of grey.

II.

Around his couch his dusky sons
Were praying on the knee,
And sigh and moan rose o'er and o'er,
But silent all was he ;
As an eagle stands amid its brood,
And stares across the sea.

III.

" The time is closing round my life,
I tread a darkening road ;
My centuried soul, a wintry light,
Fades from its weak abode ;
But God lives yet a mighty spring
Amid my branching blood.

IV.

"I thank thee, God, that thou hast poured
My years with bounteous hand,
And multiplied my life in those
That round me weeping stand,
Strong sons and good, that yet shall spread,
Thy nations through the land.

V.

"Come nearer still, my sons, while I
Can see thy faces round.
I leave ye like the five great stars
In one blue cluster wound,
That when the desert moon has set
Will shine above the ground.

VI.

"I go—but whither? God alone,
Who treads the darkness, knows;
And ye shall too be lost like me
Amid the cloud's repose,
Like yonder range of hills that fade
In night beneath their snows.

VII.

"Come, Ramoth, first-born of my days,
Here bend thee this last hour—
The arrows rattle on thy back,
I feel thy thews of power :—
Thy life shall pass, a stormy sun,
A sweeping thunder shower.

VIII.

"Thy steps are on the mountains,
Where mighty caverns yawn,
Thy sport amid the lions,
With spear and arrow drawn,
Those arms shall strew their yellow bulks
Along the sandy dawn.

IX.

"Amid the harvest breadths of wheat
Brown Reuben, be thy toil ;
In realms of plenty shalt thou dwell,
And gather from the soil
The waving grain, the drooping fruit,
The store of wine and oil.

X.

"Lo ! where the rain of summer falls
Beneath the northern light,
'Mid tracts of pasture and of springs,
And sheep flocks calm and white,
A shepherd, Lameth, thou shalt watch
The planets through the night.

XI.

"Who's here ?—alas ! my vision wanes
My glance is fixed afar :
Neriah, well I know thy shape
Straight as a brand of war,
And daring brow and glittering eye,
Keen as a stormy star.

XII.

"Thy life shall waste on ocean
Where wind and water roars ;
In merchant galleys thou shalt cleave
The deep of distant shores,
And up their rivers speed amid
The foam of many oars.

XIII.

"Yes, far away from Egypt,
Its pyramids and stream,
Thy kindred's tents and sails shall rise
Deep in the Western gleam,
Till on thy brethren's ears thy name
Shall murmur like a dream.

XIV.

"Stand from my side while comes the light
Through yon familiar door.
The air seems filling with great words
That roll from heaven's shore ;
All things grow clear, and fills my soul
With new immortal lore.

XV.

"And now mine eyes are dark to all,
All lost the path I trod,
But new life teems upon my soul
As from our Moses' rod—
I close mine eyes in awe beneath
The shadow of my God."

The Old Epicureans.

(A PALACE AT CORINTH.)

I.

WINTER'S snow is on the earth,
And the stream has ceased its flowing;
Let us close around the hearth
While the gloomy winds are blowing.
Where yon temple rises whitely
Lo ! the great old pines are riven ;
But the dead are calm in Heaven,
And the hearth is burning brightly.
Give me thy dear hand awhile,
And let me press it, while before us
Joyously the rich wines flow ;
And let me see thy dear old smile
A little while, a little while,
For death looks through the spaces o'er us,
And we know not where we go.

II.

Death is absolute as thunder !
Time is wasting, youth has flown :
Plucking flowers, the earth we wander,
'Till we pluck the poisoned one.

It may drowse us into sleep
Numb as the unfathomed sea,
Or wake us unto dreams that keep
The hell-watch of eternity ; —
But down, ye phantasies that lower
Along the earthly wanderer's way ;
Each cup will prove your terrors less.
And drink—kindle the spirit's power,
And flush our temples through the grey ;
Live as a God one dazzling hour,
Though in the next we pass away
To higher heavens—or nothingness.

III.

Whence come we?—whither pierce the sky?
Imagination o'er the tomb
Drops its rich wings, and Reason's eye
Fails, dazzled in the maze of doom.
What end has life?—to melt and fuse
The radiant soul with clay and tears,
To hoard a little love, and lose
By death that wealth of all our years.
Upon their calm ætherial throne
The Gods are happy, but our race
Friendless as yonder planet lone
Above the empty northern space.

IV.

Lo! night has stilled the city's roar,
The mart is closed, the banner furled,
And broods the ghostly heaven o'er
The varied races of the world.

Beneath the drifting northern glow
The giant Scythian shepherds sleep,
In mighty forests roofed with snow—
In pathless pastures white with sheep.
In the far East intent on gain,
Along some moonlit range is rolled
The many-carriaged merchant train
Laden with odorous musk, and gold!
The sophist Greek forgets his theme,
The Roman drowns o'er his wars;
And mortal spirits, lost in dream,
Are silent as the setting stars.

V.

Come, yet another cup we'll drink—
One sumptuous draught, though death be nigh;
Ah! while the soul can dream, can think,
It bathes in fresh eternity:
'Mid currents of electric blood
Great fiery fancies sway the breast,
Like golden storms along the flood
Of Autumn, streaming to the west.
Yet, even this hour, though through the bars
Of earth the soul springs deified—
The silent demons, eyed like stars,
Are coldly watching by our side.

VI.

Thus shall we fire our aged clay
Till every pulse shall flash with thought,
Still burning for th' eternal day
Whose glory all our sires have sought.

Yet even when spaceward we shall roll
When earth is drifting from our sense,
And some great planet draws our soul
With dread unseen omnipotence,
Roses shall glow that very hour
Around the brow whose God departs,
Though dark Nepenthe's shadow-flower
Is drooping o'er our silent hearts.

“Gallop!”

AN HOMERIC ECHO.

With flamy neighing steeds and igneous axle char-
ioted the Sun,
Toward the aged ocean, through the æther's dark
dominion ;
Seaward rain-fed Simois swirled the leaves from
Ida's bowers,
Swift as the clouds : Sombre and dim loomed
Troys' high walls and towers.
'Tis a stormy noon : and the sun flames down from
the driving thunder rack,
As the warriors spring to their horses, and the
trumpet sounds attack !

Solidly strong, a square of fiery force they gather
and sway
For a minute controlled ; the next, like a deluge
released, with a rush they're away !
Then rings the fierce riders' cry, and sounds the
plain's wide meadows and gorses,
From camp to camp with the champ and tramp of
the speed-hoofed galloping horses :
The charioteers stand outreaching, with reins on
the manes loosely flowing,
And the whispering lash, and snapping crick-crack
of the long whips hasten their going ;
With full eyes eager, pink nostrils wide, and chests
impetuous glowing,
While drift the flying patches of froth on their
flanks, as though it were snowing :—
Such was the speed of each Trojan steed, like a
hurricane headlong blowing !

Leaving Troy.

GLOOMY with wind and driving cloud, the night
Spreads blankly down from Ida's wooded height,
Over the plain of Troy—where late had rung
The thunder of armisonous acclaim,
The cry of death and louder roar of fame,
O'er the green rushing seas and wastes of sand
And desolate levels of the long, black land :

As oaring through the sullen waves that flung
Their far-off surge on Tenedos, a band
Of heroes, Greece-ward bound, saddened in soul,
Strained through the darkness off the Sigeian mole,
Where, as the sea-night deepened, and the wind
Drear gusting, drove the swelling waves behind
The long, black, high-pooped, wave-worn ships, and
burned

A transient lightning o'er the waters—one
A warrior, brazen armed, who by the mast
Stood gazing shoreward through the rising blast,
Pointed unto the promontary where
The tumulus that Ajax's bones inurned,
Loomed dim through watery haze and stormy air :
At which—the while a blaze bright as the sun
Sheened round the shore—all saw, looking that way,
A Spectre dark, taller than mortal, rise
Upon the grave-mound, under the rolling skies,
And gaze from under plumed brows upon
His living comrades, saddened at the sight,
One long, last time:—its phantom arm of might
Folded a minute o'er the countenance
Of shadow, waved a mournful last farewell—
And yet another—from the sinking shore,
And still stood gazing through the water's roar,
Long as the ships appeared. Then, as from trance
The voyagers wakened, knowing the mighty Ghost
Was that of Ajax—heroic tears burst forth,
Remembering him the leader of their host,
Now lessened to themselves. Then from the North
The tempest smote them, and clouds drearily
Closed o'er the fleet upon the starless sea.

A Last Voyage.

To that vast silent Being, the grey sea,
We gave our barque as to a Destiny.

At length upon a wild, dim, winter morn,
Our vessel through the narrow strait was borne,
Where the last land to mortals and the sun
Known, sunk upon each hand with look forlorn,
On us who left them; the while spaced before
An ocean profound, and without shore.

Then said I :—" Comrades, we are old and worn,
But yon old seas, with heaven for their dome,
Seem kindred to our souls, as their last home.
We who in manhood lived beneath the spell,
Which with all greatness in the present and past,
Action or thought, or motions of the vast,
Instincts heroic and imperial,
Ambitioned or in battle or in blast,
To match our minds and vigour against Doom,
Methinks should fail not now when yonder waste,
Grey as our years, like some sad mighty friend,
Beckons us to its calm or stormy gloom,
To motion or to rest, where'er we tend
As a god mighty, silent as a tomb.

“What though we leave the habitable earth,
Our time draws nigh. The waves of those wide seas
Know of the past, seem full of memories,
Whence we may learn of days before our birth,
And meet with Beings and with Deities,
Consociate with our souls, who live alone,
With knowledge of old worlds, and thoughts divine,
Perfecting self through meditation,
And wisdom stored for other spheres that shine
At night,—perchance for each a future throne.

“Who fears a future, who of the o’ergone
Experienced all of earth that stormed or shone?
Life is for ever. Hark! the low far moan
Of the great main invites us grandly on
To where, beyond its aged horizon,
Dwell the calm gods, far from the world, its tone
May change to music in celestial day,
The while that all around us there has grown
Impregnate with the pure life for which we pray,
Which, once perfected, never can pass away;
And noble thoughts, impulsive to careers
That make existence happier in all spheres,
Human or simple animal—in all high
And lower grades of Being in yon sky;—
Or, maychance live in sleep, surrounded by
Beautiful memories of eternity.

“Advance then; lo! the last mist-ringed crest
Has sunk into a speck; broader the gale
From the old earth blows us from it: the West
Is all before us. Set the stiff-patched sail:

Death we have known and fear not ; and should
we fail
Of our great dream, in the beyond there's rest,
And Nature will take us to her infinite breast."

An Antique Dream.

PART FIRST.

NYMPH AND SATYR.

I.

ON the blue summer hills, under a vine,
Leave me to dream of the Forms that around
them
Piped leafy melodies, pressed the red wine,
And garlanded lutes for the Satyrs to sound them.

II.

Up from the gloom of the forested valley,
Where the first planet is glimmering palely,
Leaving the nymph group to dance and to dally,
One through the flowers is wandering gaily.

III.

White-bearded, rosy-eyed, hoofed at the limb,
Under one hairy arm clutching a cymbal;
While on his slender horns, pointed and prim,
He settles the ivy-wreath airily nimble.

IV.

Now to a plat of acanthus he's come,
And stretching at length, on the low gloaming
gazes;
While, like the blue heat-mist that films on the plum
A drowsy web over his glossy eye hazes.

V.

By a clear forest well, dim in the droop
Of pendulous summer fruit, crimson and yellow,
Pressing the deep moss, repose the nymph group,
'Mid slips of the leafy lights wavering mellow.

VI.

Over each slender waist, draped in furr'd skin,
Fruitage-stained bosoms are balmily heaving;
While o'er the pool, amid flowers peeping in,
Their wild airy ringlets are drooping and
weaving.

VII.

Swooning along through the star-lighted boughs,
The wind lifts the leaves into whispers, and
passes—
As, lapp'd in low slumber, their small snowy brows
Are silkily touched by the long slender grasses.

VIII.

But hark! as the tempest hums up the grey sea,
Start they awake by that sweet well of quiet;
Their being is bound with each dark groaning tree,
And each wails in the wind as she shelters anigh
it.

IX.

Their sweet eyes are raised as the great shadows
move
Through the awed depths of heaven, in a wor-
shipful trance;
Where the lion-browed monarch, majestic Jove,
Takes the breadth of the world in his sovereign
glance.

X.

Redly the forked fire splits on each bough!
Gusts the great rain in a tempested volley!
'Tis past—and the sound of their song rises now
'Mid the plash from the drippings of myrtle and
holly.

XI.

But as the rare dawn o'er the ivy-trailed mound
Comes glimmering goldenly into their tresses,
They scatter the olive leaves over the ground;
While one with a garland the green altar dresses

XII.

Sweetly their low-dittied music is heard,
As through the rayed harp-strings their white
fingers quiver;

Clear as the voice of the passion-tongued bird,
That sings on a tree o'er some moon-lighted
river.

XIII.

And now in the green of the oak's glooming eaves
Spread they the food for the feast of the morn;
Wine-vase and honey-cup lie in the leaves,
As Satyrs come dancing with fruits on each horn.

XIV.

One from a snowy Nymph snatches the lyre ;
While round him his brothers, half-jocund, half-
fawning,
With dim, sultry glances steal nigher and nigher,
As he chimes his loud chant through the depths
of the dawning :

SATYRS' SONG.

I.

Oh, 'tis sweet to be a god
Dancing on the dainty sod ;
Sleeping by the twisted vines,
Singing where the large moon shines.
Earth's a heaven to the spirits
Who can spy its rosy merits ;
Passes day in joyous moving—
Passes night in feast and loving !
Follow us—follow us—

Where the fruited woods are bending—
Where the sunny stream is tending ;
Where the life-sounds faint retreating,
Let us hear our bosoms' beating—
Follow us—follow us.

II.

In a forest far away,
Peeps a fountain, plashing spray :
There, amid the trailers looping,
Fig, and gourd, and grape are drooping ;
There the honey-dews are shedding—
There the violet beds are spreading—
Follow us—follow us.
There are flowers to weave your tresses—
Flowers to answer love's sweet guesses :
Stars the scented sky enchanting,
Pulsing to our bosoms' panting—
Follow us—follow us.

PART SECOND.

A HAMLET EVENING OF OLD.

I.

Broad spreads the plain to the mountains that surge,
Based on the pastures, and spired in the snow—
Billows that hang on the world's weary verge,
And heave their white crests in the clear, level
glow.

II.

Speckled with villages, yellow'd with corn,
Spaces the lowland with rivers that run
Eastward, and flash in the fires of the morn,
Like pathways of gods leading up to the sun.

III.

Summer is fled, and the last golden days
Of Autumn look silently back o'er the plain,
And, brooding with hazy and lingering rays,
Perfume the deep grape and the dry, ruddy grain.

IV.

And now, o'er the shores of the forest that lie
Lapped in the mist of the mouldering leaves,
Glitters the slender crook'd moon in the sky,
Like a sickle of light o'er the dry harvest sheaves!

V.

Here, from the log-built hamlet, at even',
Drifts the sweet altar-smoke over the tillage;
Here the sweet altar-songs, rising to heaven,
Bear in their music the prayers of the village.

VI.

Wheat, rose, and apple-bloom scatter the ground,
As gifts to the gods in the season of drought;
While husbandmen, dusk with the sun, kneel
around,
And pray for the soft, sifting rains of the south.

VII.

Lo! as the fruit in the sacrifice-fire
Is hissing in crumpled and smouldering ashes,
With solemn-timed paces the white priest draws
nigher,
And pours the pure wine on the wavering flashes.

VIII.

The folk who have circled the shrine veer away,
As their orisons soar the pale heaven afar,
And cast timid looks in the lapse of the day
To the god-peopled distance of silence and star.

IX.

Still by the barns, where the yellow goats lie,
The children are stretch'd on the grain-loosen'd
sheaves,
And in the rude street, as their fathers pass by,
Stand feeding the mild bull with handfuls of
leaves.

X.

From dusk apple-orchards the girls issue forth ;
Their baskets are crowned from the crimsoning
heap ;
And they guess by the stars shooting over the north
Of the swain who shall bring each a cottage and
sheep.

XI.

Now, o'er the low valley wide silence and dark
Falls slowly; scarce heard are the leaf-hidden
rills ;

And the vague night-winds rise with the stars' misty
spark,
And mournfully sing in the ears of the hills.

XII.

The bleak hazels rustle, the flocks dimly bleat,
The shepherds are gone till the streak of the
morn ;
And the blue rushy river, o'erhazed with the heat,
Flows low towards the moon in a stillness forlorn.

XIII.

Now sails the black crow-line along the dim verge
Of the still-lighted west, that will darken full soon ;
Now the crone culls the herbs by the river's dead
marge,
Where the white poplar looms like a ghost in the
moon.

XIV.

And, wearily plodding along the dark road,
The brown woodman comes—see, his worn
hatchet shines !
While the dusk air around, as he heaves down his
load,
Is heavy with scent of the fresh-cloven pines.

XV.

Now spits the green bough in the smoke-blended
flame,
As he murmurs old tales of the gods of the earth ;
While his fear-pallid urchin and wonder-eyed dame
Are huddled together beside the bright hearth.

XVI.

Soon the olive and milk of the feast are laid by,
And shines his rude face in the crimsoning heat,
As his child gazes up at his labour-dim eye,
And plays with his languid hand, stretched at
his feet.

XVII.

But when the deep midnight is awesome around,
And sets in the sick mist the wan, weary moon,
And dim meteors fall, and sleep breathes from the
ground—
Hark! they sing to the night-god an old slumbrous
tune.

HEARTH SONG.

I.

Spirit of the half-closed eyes,
Pacing to a drowsy tune,
Come to me ere midnight wanes—
Come with all thy dreamy trains,
Scattering o'er me poppy rains;
Dropping me, 'mid weary sighs,
Deep into a feather'd swoon:
Leave thy odorous bed an hour—
Leave thy ebon-curtain'd bower—
Leave thy cavern to the moon.
Lowly burns the whiten'd hearth—
Slowly moves the quiet earth.
Now that woods and skies are dumb
In the dizzy midnight hum,
Come to me, sweet Phantom, come.

II.

Hidden in the folded gray,
Of thy garment, bear the urn
Full of Lethe's unsunn'd streams;
Bring the flowers that live in dreams—
Bring the Shape who often seems
O'er the earth with me to stray,
When the weary planets burn,
In a cloud of shifting light,
Through the hollow life of night,
Mimicking the scene of day:
Ye are coming nigher, nigher,
With my song I seem to tire;
I can hear thy pinion's hymn
Round my faint ear's closing rim—
Ye are coming, phantoms dim!

The Death-House.

IN the dim, kindling dawn,
The mountain masses lie,
All channelled by the night of waters wan,
Whose leaden-coloured skirts trail o'er the sea,
Lessening and grey, to the far cloudy lee,
Thinning the sky.

Yes, the wat'ry night is o'er,
And cheerily the East is glowing,
O'er the Old House on the Moor,
Over the rainy brooklet flowing,
Through the turfy land ;
And day comes light in hand,
Sunning through the garden there,
Sunning up the red brick rear ;
While, dark in the chill shadows stand,
The tall elms fronting the dumb door.

All through the moaning night
Death had come that window nearer,
Silent, blinded from the light,
In the upper chamber,
And the dying grows the dearer,
With the minutes' flight ;
And the dawn looks sick and fearful,
To that friend-group, weary, tearful,
Straining heart-thought to remember
His good deeds and ways : and now
The searching chill wind lifts each flower,
In the tangled garden's bower,
And the dying lifts his brow,
Asking faintly of the hour.

All through the hollow day,
Soars the pale sun, downward staring,
On the red roof, ivy-gay ;
On the heart-sick friends within,
On the hamlet little caring.

But no life the hour can rouse
In that dusk and blinded house,
 And the noonlight and the din
Come not to fear-muffled ears,
And lids o'erheaped with tears.
From the garden day has faded,
 Passing round to Western realms,
And the house askance is shaded
 By the phantom Elms !

And now the sunset flames
On the windows of the village,
Slanting wine-red streams
 On the furrows of the tillage ;
 On the stalks whose leaves are shed ;
And the weak, wick-blinded taper
 Dims in the death-room,
As 'twere struggling in a vapour
 Of the choking tomb.
Still that west is staring red,
Even as death draws near the bed ;
And the elms, knee deep in loam,
Standing fronting that old home,
 Fill the windows with their gloom.

A-sudden—and 'tis gone !—
 Hamlet, house, and field are grey ;
And, with a weary moan,
 The soul has passed away.
Fills the house with prayer and mourning
For the good—the ne'er returning—
 And the sister that he loved

Stands with tearless eyes apart,
Getting that pale face by heart,
 Soon to be removed.
Still his hand in his son's hand,
 Warm and weak is lying ;
All that's left behind !—
And, through the strange sky cloudy-lined,
 The keen windy stars are prying ;
And in the night the three Elms stand,
 Dark, and stirred, and sighing—
Full of memories in the wind !

A Mood.

PLEASANT to breathe in the kind calm of home,
And there with Critic light, and love of Beauty roam
In sweet peruse from poem unto poem,
Like the silent honey-seeking moth—
 Who bearing 'twixt his eyes the little lamp,
 Its will makes luminous in tropic night
 To aid its sight ;
From flower to flower awake or sleeping, doth
Sail, when blue starry darkness spreads its camp
Above the round of earth, and guides its path
Where sweets lie hid in shadow of their blooms,
Whose loveliness it loves, while it illumines.

S o n g .

ONCE round the wine bowl ruby as the sun
That setting, looked upon us from the sea,
Youth joyous-eyed, with circling friends allied
In this dim casement, many a bright hour won,
While fancies flashed amid sweet minstrelsy.
Now from gray brows life strains its gaze afar
Toward those old evenings, wishing but for rest:
The red vine sheds its leaves, and Autumn's star
Burns sadly, dopping slow beneath the west.

Once Love, as graceful as the hyacinth stem,
With bosom fairer than the foam of the Nar,
Fond as a child and innocent as well,
Upon the shore with fresh rose anadem,
Awaited us returned from afar.
Oh joyous hours ! but sweeter still the years
When blessed Affection sanctified life's poem,
Where memory marks the page that show through tears
A mother's smile, and the sweet hearth of home.

Time's twilight deepens : day will soon be o'er :
But all of Truth and Beauty we have seen,
Or shaped amid Life's din, remains within,
Self-centred in the mind for evermore,
And kindred spirits wait behind the screen.
Now like those stars that view below, above,
Two worlds, our soul entranced in deeper moods,
Setting from lonely earth toward those we love,
Turns spectral eyes but to them and the Gods.

A Summer Day.

DARKLY blue were the skies
As the hyacinth beds by the stream, where the
honey'd hives arise ;
The vague low sound of the little waves, where the
valley meets the shore,
Blent with the simple insilient rivulet sliding
liquidly o'er
Mossed stones and sleek green grasses ; along the
distance fair,
Rose roofs of full-leaved sycamores, quiet as sum-
mer air ;
And the two sweet dreams of the land and sea
Blent in one by the wide noon silence came from
afar to me,
As on the green ground-ivies in a happy muse I
lay,
Idle as the pure white clouds above me all the
day.

The green land and grey sea
Full of summer round the crescent coast breathed
amiably,
As I traced careless songs for the waves—while in
the neighbouring green
Woods, by the wells rambled the child all the day
unseen,

Where sycamore fronds with their fragrance and
leaves with their shadow
Took the warmed summer wind from the open sea-
side meadow.
Lone all day as the grassy spring,
She sang to the leaves till the last of the sun,
When the birds grown weary, one by one,
In those calm green woods had ceased to sing :
Then in the last of the light we met, and, hand in
hand, went home,
Just as the evening air from the bay freshened the
headland's foam.

The Robin.

I.

AMID the ivy on the tomb
The Robin sings his winter song,
Full of cheerful pity ;
Deep grows the evening gloom,
Dim spread the snows along,
And sounds the slowly tolling bell from the
silent city.
Sing, weet Robin, sing
To One that lies below ;
Few hearts are warm above the snow
As that beneath thy wing ;
So sing, sweet, sing
All about the coming Spring.

II.

When Summer, with hay-scented breath,
Shall come the mountains over,
Sing Robin, through the valley,
Above the tufts of flowering heath,
And o'er the honied clover,
Where many a bronzed and humming bee
shall voyage musically ;
Sing, brown spirit, sing
Each Summer evening
When I am far away ;
I know not one I'd wish so near
The dust I love as thou, sweet dear ;
So sing, sweet, sing
Still, still about the coming Spring.

Spirit Company.

I.

UP cheerful as the morn I rise,
Though foreign airs around me blow,
For well I deem that Spirit eyes
Look into mine where'er I go :
So, in the viny window nook,
With southern sunlight round, I sit,
And read aloud, from some old book,
Old music lines of poet wit,
That those I love around may hear me,
And melt in sweet mute laughters near me.

II.

With them I stroll all day along
The fresh blue bay and sunny shore,
And hear the brown old fisher's song,
Above his nets hummed o'er and o'er ;
And wander up the evening cliffs,
Askirted by the shadowy limes ;
And as I watched the fading skiffs,
I whisper oft of loved old times,
That those I love around may hear me,
And smile with gentle memories near me,

III.

And when the golden sunset dips
Beneath the garden's walnut trees,
In vintage gay I bathe my lips,
Till the white star floats up the seas :
Then, as upon the hill o'erhead,
The quiet shepherd pens his fold,
I sit among the stilly Dead,
And sing the songs they loved of old,
And hear their echoes, grown divine,
Come back through this waked heart of mine.

IV.

But when o'er hill and ocean soon
Falls the deep midnight blue and rare,
And tolling bell and rounded moon
Awake the tranced time of prayer—

Through starry casement lone I gaze
Up on the heavenly path they've trod,
And murmur o'er their love and praise,
With lowly knees before our God :
And hear—as though beyond the sea,
The loved Old Voices pray for me.

L' Angelo.

I.

I sit at eve within the curtain's fold,
Where shone thy gentle face in the full moon
So many an eve, and sing some antique tune
We sung together oftentimes of old :
In that dear nook the lonely moon-beams fall,
And touch thy empty chair with mournful light :
Thy picture gazes on me from the wall ;
I hear thy footsteps in old rooms at night.

II.

On lonely roads beneath the darksome dawn,
When broods upon the broad dead land the wind,
I wander sadly, looking oft' behind,
Maychance that I may see thy spectre wan ;
For still I deem thou followest me, and still
Believe that love departs not with the clay :
Thy face looks on me from the morning hill,
Thy smile comes sadly from the close of day.

III.

Oft, oft, by sandy ridges o'er the sea,
Or over distant famished fields at night,
Where sheds some low pale star its slenderest light,
I seek in earth's dim solitudes for thee :
Proud of the everlasting love I bear,
Still mix with nature, drawing thence relief ;
While, o'er the space of sunset's fading air,
The stars look on the glory of my grief.

To a Spirit.

I.

THE Sunset lies in amber wells
Amid the brown clouds of the West,
And falls a dew of peace and rest
Along the wave, and o'er the dells :
Thus in my Spirit's distant deeps,
When all is dark around, a few
Sweet founts of light my fancy keeps
Where Memory sits, and thinks of you.

II.

How oft upon the thought we fell,
In those sweet days that are no more,
Of wand'ring on some sunset shore,
When we in separate stars should dwell !
When, while her planet's purple night
Rose o'er the space of silent sea,
You watched the earth, and I the light
Of thy new home, thinking of thee.

III.

A wind springs up toward yonder star,
It strikes and waves the summer wood,
And folds the light along the flood
Till but one billow burns afar :
Thus with the phantom blast sublime
All life and love to thee shall roll ;
Thus on the last dim waves of time
Blend with thy long lost, blessed Soul.

Imogen—In Wales.**I.**

At noon she left her dusky cell,
And stood beneath its rushy shed,
Where from the wide gray willow fell
The pining leaves ; and overhead
The scattered cloud and scarfing haze
Blew drily. By the yellow road
Floated the sifting Autumn rays
In slumb'rous stillness toward the flood :
But not a vessel marked the sea,
But not a single sail was there
To comfort those sad eyes of care
That southward strained tearfully :
There dumbly moving in the blast
That shook the thickets by the shore,
She sate her down, and pondered o'er
Her old love life, her vanished past ;
But through the day of light and grey,
As the heart of the wanderer sadly pined,
The bee hummed over the withering flowers,
And the thistle-down went on the wind.

II.

From morn till noon the silent sky
Had shown a huff'd and hazy look ;
The low hills brooded rain ; anigh
In the wet wind the sand-grass shook :

Across the doleful moorland brown
The solitary river flowed
In glimmering curves ; the lonely road
Wound bleakly toward the inland town ;
And from the forest twilight came
The woodman's song and hatchet stroke,
At times upon the air that broke
In vague dry gleams of passing flame ;
Then warming in the brooding heat,
The seering foliage wavered bright,
The distance smiled from height to height,
And sang the blue stream faint and sweet :
But all the day as hope made play
With fancy in her silent mind,
The bee hummed over the withering flowers,
And the thistle-down went on the wind.

III.

Onward, as in a vacant dream
She sought the river bank anigh :
The pale noon sun looked from the stream
A blot of white flame to the eye ;
And past the low wind idly crept
Through seering reed and turban'd rush,
And whitening through each willow bush
In melancholy dirges swept
The inland, where the crane was heard
Clanging his marshy call, and where
The scattering crowflock swarmed the air ;
The restless swallow crossed and skirred :

But as in heart-thought lonely
She wandered, humming memory drowned
With voices dear all other sound
Save of the dim, cold spacing sea.
Still through the day of light and grey,
As the breast of the wanderer sadly pined,
The bee hummed over the withering flowers,
And the thistle-down went on the wind.

IV.

Asouth, beneath the ashen sky
The sullen wind seemed brooding wrath
For storm ; the bleak sea marge anigh
Lay slubbered over with shivering froth.
Anon the clouds broke overhead,
And sunlight poured around her there,
And passed from peak to peak, and spread
Warm silence through the wide gray air :
Anon, a mist crept o'er the flood,
And blurred the flying mountain beam ;
The weedy scent of the rank wet wood
Breathed down the coldly flowing stream ;
And stone-still lay the grey inland,
And nought was heard on the dismal shore
Save the wash of the waves on the foggy strand,
And the scream of the curlew passing o'er.
Still, as throughout the desolate hours
Her empty soul with sorrow pined,
The bee hummed over the withering flowers,
And the thistle-down went on the wind.

V.

But when the evening fell, there came
A dewy lustre from the west ;
And as she clasped her palms and blessed
In mournful prayer her lover's name,
Across the clear gold ocean's flow
Whereon the land wind faintly stirred,
Remotest thunder grand and low
Beyond the purple clouds was heard,
The while, upon the air of night,
Odours, as from the thymy drougt
Of terraced gardens in the south,
Came breathing from the fading light ;
And as she prayed—upon the rim
Of moonlit waters faint and pale
A little speck,—a silent sail .
Glimmered a space, and all was dim :
Thus through the day as hope made play
With fancy in her lonely mind,
The bee hummed over the withering flowers
And the thistle-down went on the wind.

Perriwigs and Petticoats.

(PRELUDE.)

As through a study casement shone
One silent noon the July sun
O'er shelves of satire and of essay
Of Swift and Pope and Addison ;
Within the sultry curtain's shade
That listlessly beside her swayed,
A bright-haired girl perused a poem
Her student lover late had made.
A tracing, like a figment dry
Of some streaked tulip one may spy
Within a seldom fingered anal
Of wars and policies gone by ;
A faded image of the flowers
What trimly graced the courtly bowers
Of times less earnest than the present,
And queenly reigns less bright than ours ;
When England aped each Gallic trait
Of mind and mien, and asked the way
Of gilt Versailles across the water
To drink and dress, to dance and pray.
When Faction swayed the bright St. John
From nobler spheres, and victory shone
In sudden, but less splendid flashes
Round Battle's earlier Wellington.

As through the Hall Sir Topaz paced,
With brow of conquest smooth and calm,
Arranged his toupee curl, and placed
A guinea in the porter's palm,
Within the rich saloon above
His mistress o'er her lap-dog bent,
Now swayed by pride, now sunned by love,
And half regretting her consent :
For she had been through seasons past
The envied charm of court and town ;
All hearts before her altar cast,
All homage yielded for her crown.
The loftiest lords, strait-laced and curbed
With ceremonious state and care,
Whose marked obeisance ne'er disturbed
One grain of powder in their hair ;
Lord Treasurers and mighty Earls,
In her soft presence lost their sway,
And stooping heads of haughty curls
Smiled 'mid their dusty disarray ;
While every wit beneath the skies
That watch St. James' or Hampton's chase,
Had thronged to praise those beauteous eyes,
And sparkle fancies on her face :
Nay, if one lord outshone his foe,
And earned her laughing lip's awards,
The vanquished beckoned him below
To end the wrong with measured swords :—
Heigh ho ! and must these glories cease,
And marriage mould her darling days,
Contented with domestic peace,

And in a husband's lonely praise?
Shall birth-day bards no longer sing
Her charms when once the altar's past,
And must the kiss upon the ring
Proclaim her life of triumph past?
Shall Lady Bab become a prize,
And bend upon the courtly train
The light of long eclipsed eyes
Exultant o'er her closing reign?—
With crimson indignation blown,
She rises, drops her fan, and then
Retires to one sweet friend alone,
For comfort from the ways of men.

Within a neighbouring chamber where
A casement shows the garden's green,
And votive nosegays scent the air,
A round and polished disk is seen;
A wondrous sphere across whose glass
A shifting sibyl-lustre flies,
And through whose sky the spirits pass
That reign o'er human destinies:—
Around this mystic world of light
All treasures of the east are strewn;
Rich caskets, urns of water bright,
And vases, silver as the moon;
There meteoric opals glow
By jacinth jewels that restrain
The airy scarf's fantastic flow,
Or swelling shawl of Persian grain:
Bright buckles too, that wink if stirred,
And pearly drops, pale with the fear

Of hurried whisperings being heard
By other than *their* rosy ear :
And watches foreordained to keep
Sweet time with hearts whereon they lie,—
Gems that from laughing ribbons peep,
And rings, with mottoes like a sigh.

Before this shrine, with blossoms decked,
The thoughtful priestess many an hour
Was wont in silence to reflect
Upon the secret springs of power ;
What colours best in love-knots blow,
How far the bodice may allow
The charmed bosom to outsnow
The whiteness of the fragrant brow ;
What jewels suit the pensive face,
Or how, to catch a morning eye,
The cherry ribboned cap may grace
One check in sidelong coquetry ?
So now she comes as oftentimes
Before she sought this pensive shade,
'Mid trinkets tinkling golden chimes
And rustling sounds of rich brocade :
With quick white hand she bolts the door ;
Then toward the chamber's lustrous end
Drawls a gilt chair along the floor,
And swift confronts her mystic friend

Lo ! sweet as summer rainbows rise,
From clouds that pale in partial night,
Within the mirror's silver skies
A beauteous vision meets her sight ;

Through glossy braids the noonlights win
A shining path, until they swerve
Down to the dimple on the chin,
And round the proud lip's vermeil curve :
Like grains of joyous gold that lie
Within some azure fountain's brim ;
Rich flecks of laughter in her eye,
Glow from the depths of violet dim ;
And gleamy graces softly play
O'er rosy mouth, and finger fine,
Like airy drops of sunny spray,
Or bubbles on a vase of wine.
But though around the forehead's height
Beam sparkling wit and fair finesse,
As little can they drown its light
Of sweet entrancing tenderness
As can the snows that flush awhile
In Persia's westering deeps of day,
Or roses pale that faintly smile
In lonely fields of calm Cathay
Outparagon the human hues,
That flush the rounded neck, and break
In tender colours, soft as dews,
From balmy ambush in her cheek.

In studious peruse thus awhile,
O'er that sweet face she bends, and tries
Its varied lights of scorn and smile,
And all her blue orbs' archeries ;
Until at length a pride supreme
Along the imperial forehead breaks,

And, as from out some sumptuous dream
Rich music undulates, she speaks :—

“Ah ! must she now for ever move
Secure from pleasure’s dear alarms,
Leave triumphs, toasts, the wit and love
That glowed like stars around her charms ;
Now fold within a homely hive
Her wings, resigning drearily,
Those wandering flights ’mid flowers that gave
To maiden days their sweet *esprit* :—
The whispers sighed through vaporious scents
Of tea boards decked with rich japan,
The kisses blown for compliments
From cover of the pictured fan ;
Charmed chat in antichambers lone ;
Delicious dangers on the stair,
When guardians for a space had gone
To seek and call the distant chair ;
Swift meanings shot from eye to eye,
Light pressures, glossed with parting bow,
And sweet adieus, masked in a high
Deceptive seriousness of brow ;
Still hours at church when Queensborough’s Grace,
Presents his open book of prayer,
Which, she regarding, finds her face
Reflected in the mirror there ;
And all the scenes of freak and wit,
As when the matron coterie
Collect with closed doors, and quit
For cordials strong their tedious tea ;

When every jewell'd bosom shakes,
As Myrra loses brooch and ring ;
Her watch, and Negro page, and stakes
Her husband's title on the King ;
While Lady Betty with a glass
Of citron waters held on high,
Toasts pretty fellows as they pass
Her window from the tavern nigh :
Psha ! who's Sir Topaz, that her eyes
Should ever droop to his rebuke,
When she, with half a dozen sighs,
Could win the hearts of Earl and Duke ?
What maid or dame at rout or court,
Shows courage such as she pretends ?
Has she not turned her foes to sport,
And made her very rivals friends ?
Nor heeded satirists who sneer
In pointed sentence when they mark
The patch displaced, and hint the dear
Undrapes her prudery in the dark ;
But still would deal her dainty tricks,
If bilious Pope were by, or though
Calm Addison himself should fix
His grey glance on her furbelow ;
Well conscious that a smile or sigh
Would rout an army of such folks,
And resting on her coquetry
To kill the gravest with a coax.

Thus reasoning with her glass, an hour
Concentred in a minute, flies :
Self knowledge gravitates in power ;

The beauteous logic of her eyes
 Dispels his claim ; rich blushes still
 Flame forth to negative his suit ;
 A smile but seems to make her will
 Unalterably resolute ;
 And if his image crossed her trance,
 Resentful as some injured ghost,
 Her favourite dimple caught her glance,
 And in its ripple he was lost.
 But hark ! upon the panelled frame,
 A knuckle taps, and o'er and o'er,
 Impatiently her serving dame
 Cries—"Madame, madame, ope the door !
 Oh ! what a man Sir Topaz is !
 The brightest, best of lovers he ;
 The town has not his match, I wis,
 For riches, truth, and constancy ;
 Oh ! hasten, hasten, for I bear
 A jewel box, and billet-doux
 Scented with amber—or I err,
 And both, sweet mistress, both for you."
 Scarce were the diamonds and the wit
 In box and billet ope'd and read,
 When, 'mid the fancies love relit,
 Disdain, and Pride, and Reason fled ;
 And with a pensive musing smile
 That far outshone her jewels' ray,
 She views in fancied dreams awhile
 The splendours of the nuptial day :—
 * * * * *
 When robed in clouds of richest lace,

'Mid bridesmaid vassals, line on line,
Along admiring aisles she'll pace—
The bounteous priestess of the shrine :
Before the altar rails shall press
The loftiest peers that king has crowned ;
Confusions of rich carriages
Shall fill the streets for miles around.
At night the brazier streaming flames,
Shall mark the bridegroom's festal house,
Where London's brightest wits and dames
Shall join in dances and carouse ;
Where some great Duke shall rise and stand
'Mid listening lords, and swear that he
Had rather own her snowy hand
Than win an Orient empire ;
Then, bending with a grace sublime,
Shall press his star, and call her name
'Mid tankards raised o'erhead, and time
The bursts of jubilant acclaim,
Whose echoes through St. James' shall ring,
And o'er the slumbering city drift
The while that, westward hurrying,
The bridal chariot sure and swift,
By rows of elm, and hostels old,
And peaked gables o'er the park,
And wide green down with fire and fold,
And glassy stream and forest dark
Rolls Castleward, as glimmering day
Tinctures the east with rosy air,
And sets the vestal crescent's ray,
Beyond the full-leaved woodlands there.

Shakespeare's Drinking Bowl.

"I give and bequeath to my daughter Judith, my broad gilt silver bowl."—*Vide Shakspeare's Will.*

OH ! for the broad gilt silver bowl
That oft to Shakspeare's lip was lifted,
Brimm'd with sack or jovial wine,
That cast across his spacious soul
A ruby sunset, whence there drifted
Rarest thought and wit divine !

Could we from the earth's old palace
Pluck this relic where 'tis hid,
Richer memories would unfold
Round its rim, than from that chalice
Found within the pyramid,
Fable fringed and filled with gold.

Ben has quaff'd it, while his fancies
Thronged with shapes of mask and faery,
Frolic, humour, moonlight revel :
Witch-like Webster, necromancy's
Monarch, touched it, brain aweary,
Straining scenes of ghost and devil.

Oft sententious Selden grasped it
As he wiped his beard, and quoted
Sages saw with learned devotion :
Often, too, has Raleigh clasped it
While his musing memory floated
Toward the world beyond the ocean.

Beaumont bland, to star-eyed Herrick,
Passed this shining goblet ere he
Knew it, dreaming o'er some lyric :
Fletcher, with the bright curled forehead
And Greek gesture, held it o'er head
When he spun down the canary.

Never yet, since bold and bright,
The Wine God with Bacchantes feasted
In the grape woods of sweet fable,
Shone a cup amid such might
Of mirth, and laughter jovial-chested,
As the cup of Shakspeare's table.

Just to sit and watch this throng
Seated in the rush-strewn chamber,
While the glow of Autumn even
Filled the room, were worth the song
Aye, the richest we remember,
Sung in Heliconian Heaven.

Kings, Magicians, Sages they :
One, the Hero passed from regions
In the sunset's space of sea ;
One, the Sage with wisdom grey,
Chief, the magic King, whose legions
Star the world's eternity !

When the wine had flushed their brows,
Autumn scarce could count on grapes
Half the wondrous wit that crown'd them,
Or great Winter's cloud and flood
Image the fantastic shapes
Powerful fancy raised around them.

Vanished now those glorious souls
In the home of the All-Seeing
Confident of Mighty Ones ;
As the lonely planet rolls
Nearer to the Springs of Being
Centered in the sky of suns.

But, though eloquent no more,
Still the world their wealth inherits :
Though the ocean calms the river
Its sweet echoes cheer the shore,
Though the Light-bequeathing spirits
Pass—yet can they perish never.

Oh ! when shall rise a race on earth,
Whose souls shall strike such deepening root
Of Thought and rich Imaginings ?
Eternal mountain forms, with girth
Of pasture, forest bloom, and fruit,
Keen starry steeps and freshening springs.

Shall yet again our star be given
One, dearest Shakspeare, like to thee,
With heart of love, and brain of power ;
Bright wandering troubadour of Heaven,
Sweet minstrel of Humanity,
With music for the poorest bower ?

Yes, even above the paths they trod
Beings mightier yet will shine
Through the future's golden noons ;
Sons of the all-fruitful God
In richer fields, and float divine
Across the earth like harvest moons.

A Vase.

ONE-HANDLED Vase, which like a fair girl stands

With white arm looped upon her side, before
An evening well, amid the villaged lands,

Listening to hear her lover's step once more,
While rural altars fume above the sands,

And from the wavy deep the fishers oar ;—
How long, since thou in some Achæan home
Stood water-brimm'd, have rolled away the years
While the barbarian, swarming, ruined Rome,
Buried beneath the wrecks of house and shrine
Those graven groups upon thy marble sides ?

That veiled maiden, wounded and in tears,
By yonder little Cupid-shape divine,
That tiny joking boy-bird with loosed bow,
From whose broad, merry forehead, laughing curls
Hang round in tumbles shaking from the blow ;
And what the other group that near them glides ?
Bacchantes they, carreering in mad whirls

Along the beaten grass
With all the raptures and the grace of wine,
With jars, and flutes, and cymbals round and round ;
Some holding each their hair, elate or bowed,
Elastic-footed to the measure bound,
And with robes flying, floating gestures, pass
Like some white drift of stormy autumn cloud.
And, last, what shapes of youth and age I see ?
A marble image of sweet Summer, who,

With saddest mien, though formed for pleasure,
 now
Turning o'er smoothest shoulder his drooped brow,
O'er which a garland weaves
Of lush loose berries and large languid leaves—
Upon an aged man, who hardly breathes,
Resting at foot of yon sepulchral tree
Waiting for Death—bids him a last adieu.

At a Window.

I.

It is the eve of a rainy day ;
 Toward the coming night,
The garden stretches east away,
 And every shrub on wall and ground
 Droops in the damp grey light,
With scarce a sound,
 Save the unfrequent drop
 That seems to pause, and stop,
Many times, before it meets the ground.

II.

Thus the heart, heavy with grief,
Looks unto gloomy death ;
And slowly finds a dumb relief
From memories of which it dies,
In shaping its last breath
In silent sighs—
In tears nigh wept away,
That fall from eyes
Long dimm'd, long wearied of the day.

S o n g .

ONCE the west for each morrow
Prepared a wreath red
As the roses undulled
In the gardens I culled
For my brow and my bed :
Ah me ! how estranged
Is youth's summer, how changed
Are the paths that once led
To the dance, to the bower
When my heart was in flower ;
Now the white snows of sorrow
Have wintered my head ;
With life's sweet mornnig hour
All its beauty has fled.

Let such sights of dejection
Belong to the past :
 Though the roses o'erblown
 On the dim winds have flown
And the bower be o'ercast,
 All that's precious and pure
 Will exist and endure
 In the spirit thou hast ;
The stars of affection
 Reign high o'er the blast ;
And all that's divine
 In your life and in mine,
 To the will shall re-shine
 In our souls to the last.

L a m e n t .

THE hills are lost amid the thickening haze,
 And heavy plod the cattle o'er the plain ;
Along the woodlands strike the dismal rays,
Along the river reeds the wet winds sways,
 And all the windy west is ridged with rain :
 Night falls ; while toward yon lonely rift of
 blue
 I gaze, and think, beloved soul, on you !
Gft to some gloried sphere of spirits afar ;
 Where, 'mid th' infinite deeps of Being and
 Light

The great Creator centres like a star ;
Where round his throne the blessed eternal are,
My lonely fancy wanders through the night,
To draw his love upon thy life by prayer,
To image Heaven, and deem me near thee
there.

I move thy chair before the fire, and crown
Thy picture with fresh leaves ; and in its light
Imagine me thou still art smiling down,
When earth's at rest, and through the poplars
brown

The moon looks o'er the rainy roofs at night :
So plays my heart with fancy, to restore
The dear old days that come to me no more.

I sit in summer time beside thy tomb,
Happy in being near thee, and unmoved
B, present trouble or the future's gloom ;
And as sweet memories my heart relume,
Read by thy dust the dear old books we loved ;—
Happy in living with thee through the past,
'Till happier yet I rest by thee at last.

Christmas Day Song.

I.

IN the dark dawn the prayer bells are ringing
Over the level lands in the gloom ;
The nuns in the bright windowed convent are sing-
ing—

Iist!—on the wind their voices are winging
Over turret and tomb :—
“ Though the great wintry sun delay,
Beneath the world upon his way,
We fear not,
We fear not—
Christ’s spirit fills the earth to-day.”

II.

Down the long road, frost-hard and whitening.
Pace the poor folk in the gleam of the snow,
Under the pale dawn coldly lightening,
Towards the cathedral window brightening,
Over the sullen levels below :—
“ Though hard our lives and dim our way,
From cradle unto tomb,” they say,
“ We grieve not,
We grieve not—
Christ’s spirit fills the earth to-day.”

III.

Bleak rolls the noon through the wintry weather,
Crossed now and then by a piteous ray ;
Numb stand the flocks in the shoreward heather. ;
At eve the snow-clouds begin to gather,
While folk by their firesides say :—
“ What though the storm from the northern
height
Whirling the grey-glared moon from sight,
Begins to blow—to blow,
With its presage of snow—
Christ’s spirit fills the world to-night.”

Love.

Does love grow deeper when the heart is worn
With sorrow, and affection swell the most
When thinking of the dear one we have lost?
Then must the dead and living hopeless mourn,
And mourning, deeper love, Along the sea
That spreads between us and each spirit star
Strains toward us their sad voice inaudibly,
As ours to them; except it wisdom be
No more to grieve o'er helpless doom, but rest
Our souls upon the will of Deity,
And what we cannot change believe the best.
If this be wisdom, give me rather Love
To light my life with, and to wreath the grave :
Nor let my peace and comfort grow above
Old blessed memories, but sorrow-brave
Seek rather through my tears to catch one look
Of days when one dear Angel cheered my heart,
Than heedless take the griefs and joys of earth,
And read my life like some cold science book.

An Eastern Glimpse.

Now rounds the western'ing sun along
The hills where summer vapours curl
On Tchukiang, and strikes among
Its mines of turquios, lakes of pearl.
Now from brown Tonquin's southern b.wers,

Thick tasselled with the perfumed bean,
The tropic wind blows warm, and showers
The light o'er each veranda screen.
The peasant walks behind his team,
And slowly works the reaper brown
In rice fields skirting the blue stream,
From bridge to bridge, from town to town.
Gay groups of gleaners hurry home,
Their baskets piled with fragrant leaves ;
Or on the carts of harvest come,
High couched upon the golden sheaves,—
Mild sicklemen and girls a-row ;
While soft the parting splendours fall
Upon each crescent-pencill'd brow,
And eyes of glossy ebony small.
Now where yon blue pagoda's spires
Adown the hill their shadows fling,
The perfumes mist the altar fires,
The myriad bells of silver ring :
And on the spacious river bright
The fishing bird is seen to dive,
And through the thymy air and light
The bee sails toward the garden hive ;
Till o'er the fretted temples brood
The sparkling orient stars, and soon
By many a stream and musky wood
Aflame with silver, floats the moon,
Though mighty azure ranges rolled,
Whence come from the Tartarean lea
The caravan with fur and gold,
The camel weighed with silk and tea.

The Grove of the Muses.

THIS aged olive grove whose yellow, broad
Leaves over-roof its ashy twisted boles,
Is haunted by the presence of sweet Souls,
Who whilom sang in presence of its God :
And here are seen sedent white-robed forms
Of venerable beauty ; eyes of truth,
Mild with the spirit of immortal youth ;
Brows mighty as the cloud that heralds storms ;
Lips calm as the first level cloud of morns
In olden time, while stars' faint radiencies
Reign o'er the world they crown ; locks clean as
snow,
About their stately shoulders nobly flow ;
And sweet are all their voices as the low
Winds of October or of April seas,
Tuned from their hearts' eternal harmonies,

A Mood

To keep the heart pure, the brain fine,
To mirror good and beauty here,
Let's live as we were on a sphere—
More happy, more divine ;

 Making our day a summer dome,
 Where purest thoughts like cloudlets white,
 Reach nobly towards the infinite,
 While affections' sweetest light
 Lives in the heart of home.

So let's read, dear friend of mine,
Every day some lovely poem,
Wherein imagination
Piles up its glories to the sun ;
Great thoughts that heart and spirit bless,
And others rich in usefulness—
Low thunders in the purple clouds of morn,
Or golden whispers of the ripe-eared corn.

SONNETS

ON THE

POETRY AND PROBLEMS

OF

L I F E ,

BY

THOMAS CAULFIELD IRWIN.

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Dedication,

To T——

Mihi e gremio matris
Porrigens teneras manus,
Dulce ridet ad patrem
Semihiante labello.

ERRATA.

Page	6,	line	14,	read	"Beauty,"	not	"banty."
"	18,	"	2,	"	"this,"	for	"the."
"	19,	"	10,	"	"languid,"	for	"sumptuous,"
"	20,	"	8,	"	"pulpy fruitage,"		
"	20,	"	13,	"	"large" grapes.		
"	22,	"	5,	"	"flashing fays,"	for	"fishing."
"	35,	"	8,	"	"vanished,"	for	"banished."
"	46,	"	12,	"	"longings."		
"	60,	"	4,	"	"their."		
"	62,	"	12,	"	"in the."		
"	64,	"	11,	"	"reach forth."		
"	67,	"	1,	"	"two,"	for	"true."
"	74,	"	1,	"	"benefits."		
"	86,	"	8,	"	"flitting lights."		
"	87,	"	1,	"	"whom."		
"	88,	"	13,	"	"zones,"	for	"tones."
"	91,	"	9,	"	"their,"	for	"that."

SONNETS
ON THE
Poetry and Problems of Life.

FIRST PART.

My hedge of roses many a Summer day
Yields me a bud or full-blown blossom which
Accompanies me to town, and makes me rich
With airy fancies all the happy way :
Lovers are we, although we nothing say,
Others can hear, exchanging looks and sighs
And kisses even in silent sweetest play
When none are near us—else we would disguise
Communion dear. And when we home return,
Upon my table in its water glass
Refreshed, as evening's casement glories burn,
It bends beside me writing : and, alas !
When its leaves wither, in some favourite tome
Still treasured, marks some sweet page of a
poem.

I WAKE of Summer morn, and from the grey
Warm roof of slumbrous vapour, soft and low,
Hear music coming from the quiet bay,
Ethereal Beauty, sweetest far away,
Over the glimmering waters brood and flow,
Divine as a pale rose in fullest blow
With cool dews of the happy dusk of May
Still dreaming on its leaves, ere the first glow :—
And listening deem it half a dream, the while
'Tis lost beyond the headland : till in lieu
From open casements where the lilacs smile
Little airs visit me from beds of blue
Violets and heath. Then rise and walk a mile
By hedges with the wave-lights dazzling through.

THOSE days of settled Autumn, warm and rare,
Are sanctuaries of memory and prayer ;
For when on morning-roads the yellow leaves
Lie in the sunlight cheery and simple clear,
Lo ! soon the village church bell's ringing cheer
Floats undulating over the dry sheaves ;
Just as of old we heard its solemn sound
When life was new, and when sweet friends were
near.

All day the soft sun dials peace around
From blue hill, tree, and shrub ; the heart all day
Beats low with pleasing sadness, and at times
Pulsates to early pleasures past away—
Then melts in prayer when come again those
chimes
Across the quiet evening, starred and grey.

ABOVE the tumult of life's daily past
And common toils which waste our energies,
Divine as beautiful a few moods last—
Cedars whose eden crowns on Autumn dawns
Salute the earliest airs of eastern seas,
Silent and faint ; and from the shoreward lawns
And steep of marble, gild the waves of bays
Breathing in humid hush beneath ; and raise
Whisperous summits to the Summer stars ;
Immortal, yielding for each leaf of gold,
A green :—while on the doleful inland jars
Oak against oak—their forlorn foliage rolled
Before the shattering storm, and their grey bones
Mouldering and moved to long monotonous moans.

WITH Winter's months my life has rolled away,
From home to library where the brain feeds,
And back to the fireside at evening gray,
To pen the page that satisfies my needs ;
And now the train has wafted me through May,
Unto a rural ocean solitude,
Where, toward the cooling chasms of western day
I pace some lazy stretch of primrosed meads,
By hedges crossed, above the glimmering flood ;
In glassy curves along the little bay
White villages are mirrored : and I hold
Lone commune with the wistful streaks of gold,
Or with the milky lines of cloud that soon
Softens above the rainy rising moon.

THE rainbow o'er the sea of afternoon
Whence comes the fresh sound of the distant wave;
The mirrored lights that roof the lonely cave,
Where roll the waters from the rising moon;
The airs that stir the grasses on the grave,
And whisper spirit-like to one beneath,
That love in Summer grieves no more for death :
The first sweet secret touch of lips grown dear
In happy twilight woods when none are near;
Sweet fancies just awaked at morn, when still
The level red cloud lies beyond the hill :—
Such are the thoughts and objects that appear,
To lap in sacred sadness, or inspire
Thy strings to Beauty's moods, oh, Summer lyre.

THE rough green wealth of wheaten fields that
 sway
In the low wind of midsummer all day ;
The morning valley's warm perfumed breeze
Floating from southern sycamore shadowed rills,
The singing forest on the dawn-topped hills,
The living depth of azure spacing seas :
Still, brooding shadows upon mossy walls,
Ærial vapours crumbling down the heights,
Silence of woods amid green mellow lights,
And sighs of distant drizzling waterfalls :
The sweet faint breath of the short moonlit
 nights
From misty meadows where the quaint crake
 calls ;
Rare pageants in the western day withdrawn,
And fleets of rich light-laden clouds at dawn.

Oh, happy days. Oh, holy days of calm,
Like island vales of quiet in the main
That bathe the soul in spirit-health again,
And soothe the wearied heart with April balm ;
When from the dusty city's noise, afar
We pass, and live with day and night once more ;
Hear the lark carol by the morning shore,
And from blue waters hail the evening star ;
Now down the sealine watch the sinking mast,
Now feed on poet fancies from some tome
Hidden in grass, or, twilight-reveried roam
Through memory's moonlit edens of the past :
Live with the loved dead in the dying day,
And think upon sweet times, and grieve, and pray.

I RISE in summer when the warmed breeze
Fails o'er the ocean with the morning haze,
To plunge in deep, cool waters from the blaze
Of the strong sun, just risen from the seas :
And thus, companioned by two deities
Sport elementally 'mid foam and rays :
Then breathe sweet hours along the sandy bays
Where scarce the ripple creams, and hum the
bees

In the hot hush of the sea banks : and cool
The listless brow in the faint wind, where swing
The waves along the reefs, and in some pool
The anemony opens its soft purple ring
Refreshed : 'till o'er the tide, at evening full,
The gull floats, and the woodward crow makes
wing.

WHEN winter-prisoned long in city rooms,
How pleasant to refresh the narrowed sight
With the noble outlines of the clouds, alight
From dawn, blue noon day, evening's golden
 glooms ;
Bridging the wind in one long arch of white,
Or nightward piled, austere with stormy dooms :
Some vast and vague based on the sea's grey
 marge,
Some pale and mountainous as the chill ice isles,
That sail with summer from the northern surge,
Loom ghastly, filling day with their cold smiles :
Some red and minatory of sunset wind,
Or hung in drifts of rose across the air,
Like footprints left by angels, passing where
The sighs of fancy echoes sweet would find.

THOUGH life has less of happiness than care,
Yet nature is divine in many moods :
A beauty haunts each season's earth and air :
Sweet friends come to me o'er the wintry floods,
Snow-vestured virgins of the sun rise cold ;
Or floating from the foam-drowned moon ; and
rare

Spirits from dawn and evening's waste of gold :
And others of the moving year, swift shapes
Like clouds of morning or of sunset storm :—
April, with rainbow crown, blue-eyed and slight,
Gold-browed with limbs voluptuous and white
Amiable Summer, naked in the light ;
And Autumn's jocund face and dusk rich form
Impurpled, splashed with the lush-trodden grapes.

REMOTE from smoky cities, aged and grey,
I pass the long-drawn Summer sea-side day :
Now reading in the garden arbour where
In light and silence comes the freckled morn
When dewes are on the leaf, and cool the air ;
The faint wave wash is heard the beach along,
Whence a warm wind waves languidly the corn ;
And poised in haze the lark shakes out her song ;
Now hearing in deep grass the sweeping scythe,
And, in the sultry stillness voices blythe,
'Till day is done. Blue coolness comes once more :
The reapers bind in twilight the last sheaf,
And the fresh spring-tide foams the sloaky reef
As floats the white moon up the lonely land.

INTO the wood at close of rainy day
I walk, dim cloud above, green leaves around ;
Upon the humid air only the sound
Of drop on drop stirring the stillness grey :
Almost I hear the rose leaves fall away
Too heavily weighed with damp to cling o'er-
blown

To their wet branches straggling o'er the copse ;
Until the faint waved twilight airs entone
Tide-like along the blossom'd beech tree-tops ;
And amid showers and flowers scattering, alone
Pass from the fresh dusk solitude among
Meadows in clouded moonlight, glimmeringly
Seen like the low blue hills ; and hear the song
Of the last bird, and wash of the cool sea.

AWAKENED, I behold through dewy leaves
Wavering in the air, the pale dawn's level glow ;
And hear the sparrow's twitter on the eaves,
The engine's quick steam throb, the first cock's
crow :

And soon a prayer-bell toll, remote and slow :
And then a-while with light-reclosed eyes
I float upon my pillow as a cloud,
Unto a land whose snowy ruins rise
Along a plain girt by blue mountains proud ;
And under solitary Egerean skies,
Bright verdure and bright marbles, in a dell
Deserted, where within a recluse well,
Through leafy lights I see a nymph's face beam,
Which fades not when in daylight dies my dream.

UPON an upland orchard's sunny side,
I pass the quiet blue September day :
There winds through tented fields they sometimes
hide,
Past woods and meadows green, the dusty way,
Down to the ship-speckled level of the bay,
And amber sands in crescent spreading wide.
Last night the winds were in the trees, and here
In golden moss a few red apples lie,
And from the copse a thrush flutes strong and
clear,
And faintly humming flits the emerald fly :
All things autumnalised are rich and calm ;
Steam-plumed argosies surge up the main,
And o'er the singing woodlands breathing balm,
One superb white cloud passes, dropping rain.

THE apples ripen under yellowing leaves,
And in the farm yards by the little bay
The shadows come and go amid the sheaves,
And on the long dry inland winding way :
Where, in the thinning boughs each air bereaves,
Faint sunlights golden, and the spider weaves.
Grey are the low-laid sleepy hills, and grey
The autumn solitude of the sea day,
Where from the deep 'mid-channel, less and less
You hear along the pale east afternoon
A sound, uncertain as the silence, swoon—
The tide's sad voice ebbing toward loneliness :
And past the sands and seas' blue level line,
Ceaseless, the faint far murmur of the brine.

THE birds and leaves alike are hushed ; a gloom
Of lurid vapours gathers o'er the plains,
Sultry and low. 'Tis noon ; yet twilight reigns
Widespread, and breathless with a sense of doom :
Hark ! under the remote horizon's shore,
Sounds drily crepitate in the curled clouds
And the trees shiver like discalmed shrouds,—
Then thunder rattles aloft with ruinous roar,
Like some dread deity of alien space
Passing this sunless sphere : the lightnings red
Fall sheer beneath his fierce tumultuous tread ;
Then ether clears from his invisible face,
And from the cold void o'er the Summer, amain
Hail slants, and shafts and cataracts of grey rain.

FROM the blue burning cope of Autumn day
Let's pace the cool green cavern of leaves :
A-right we win sweet glimpses of the bay,
A-left the purple hill above the sheaves,
And clover stretches voyaged by the bee :
Around the warm air like a spirit divine
Wooes the umbrageous silence quietly,
Freighted with scents of oak and mouldering
pine.
Oh, happy rest, 'mid ivy trailers, fanned
With odours, while o'erhead the Autumn beam
Trickles from leaf to leaf, and all the land
Seems moving through the stillness in a dream,
Unbroken, save by rustic voices sweet,
And sultry whisperings of the dry-eared wheat.

Soft scarlet velvour blossoms fully blown,
With simple drooping buds : coy, playful bells,
Carnations edged with crimson,—tropic wells
Of odour, perfect for their form alone :
Long yellow graceful grasses ; over blown
Pionies, globes of purple from the dells
Nigh which the milky wheat-ear sways and swells,
Before the sweet-pea butterflies have flown ;
The larkspur's piquant stems—anemonies
And pansies—sumptuous purples,—here and
there
The snowy lily's superb chalices,
With clustering roses sweeten the clear air
That ebbs and flows around their colours bright,
Drowned in the heavy summer of the light.

CURRENTS, unbroken amber tears and plums,
Blue heat mist melting off their purple blooms :
Apples of dulcet succulence, and rind
Smooth and pale lemon-hued as the long streaks
Low in the east when June's still morning breaks :
With flavour fresh as the cool fragrant wind,
Or phosphor's sparkle from the sweet wave shrined
In fruity pulpage ;—cherries pair and pair ;
Musk melons, emerald striped and velvet fair
As some ripe young princesses' April robes :
Long grapes and golden mirobolans—globes
Of summer juices perfuming the air.
And strawberries dimpled pink, freckled by the
beam,
Soon to enrich yon china's round of cream.

"THE servant broke it, and mamma has said
That I might take the pieces for a play"—
Lisped Effie to her brother by a head,
Who stood observing the coquettish way
She placed the mirror's fragments in a nook
Around her pet carnation, while she shook
Gold curls of ten soft summers from her coy
And dimpled cheek—to see how it would look.
"You coax the sunlight to it"—said the boy.
"No, stupid, but to let my darling flower
See its own beauty." "Then you'll make it vain
Just Effie as you have been since the hour
You got a mirror." "Well, indeed, I'd fain
Give all things pleasure, even a flower, than pain."

WALKING through leafy, Summer winding ways,
Hurriedly homeward through the quiet night,
We watch the following moon's full disc of light
Flying beside us through the branchy maze ;
Now 'mid the leaves—a throng of fishing fays,
Now with a pallid rocket's slanting flight,
Or sombre fireball shorn of its rays.
The moon flies swiftly when the trees are near,
More slowly when remote in mist, the moon :
Now elongated like a silver spoon,
And now through fronting boughs descending
sheer ;
And now like some calm luminous balloon
Floating into the open azure soon
Grows stationary—solemn as a seer.

AN isle of trees full foliaged in a meadow,
Along whose quiet grassy shores below
The white sheep bathe in level lengths of shadow,
And sweet airs amiable as summer blow
Warmly and faint among the happy leaves,
Loving each other in a green repose
Folded ; or waking in the slumbrous glow
Where the wind passing, indolently weaves
A net of lazy listless whisperings,
Most like the liquid lullaby of springs
Pulsing demure and quaintly in some cool
Dell of the woods ; unseen save of some ray
Piercing the boughs, having somewhat to say
To fairies couched on bubbles round the pool.

THE violet, white Spring cloud and Summer rose,
The slips of sunshine on the forest floor,
The ocean's blue luxuriant repose,
The long calm days and sunsets by the shore ;
Sweet air that from the meadowy stretches flows,
The lark, the dusky nightingale who sings
To morn and twilight's star, when fields are green
Or golden, past, or passing are, I ween ;
And Autumn late from western evenings
Risen in the wild sad wind that shadowing blows
Up the dim void, murmurs—" winter is come !" —
Pile up the logs and dust the books, for soon
Will swell the broadening tempests' sullen hum
From the white surf line underneath the moon.

WHEN the low wind, inconstant, sad, and warm,
Murmurs of change, and drifts of yellowing leaves
Fly o'er the fields whence Autumn's camp of
sheaves

Are moved to Winter haggarts, ere the storm
Of lurid vapours up the drear west heaves,—
September's fancy sports, the while it grieves
With morning's windy flitting lights upon
The boughs that on the ground let in the sun,
And with the clouds that sail in evening light—
Pale orange streaks beneath dry roofs of haze,
In the long sapphire space lately ablaze ;
The while the golden dusky star of night
Looks o'er the world, where the leaves fall, and
where

Twilight's blank level stirs with whirls of air.

WHEN on some dolorous expedition roused,
Late Autumn marshals upon gusty eves
In the wild earnest air his legioned leaves—
Beside the fire nook, comfortably housed
With those few books companioned, I still bring
Old scenes and figures before fancy's view :
Some shepherd of a noon Sicilian blue,
With crook and rural pipe and pointed spear
Stretched by a pine, of flocks and loves shall
sing
In fluent syllabled verse of many modes ;
Or now from calm to storm I can career
Amid those tomes of battle, voyage and dream,—
Tales of Olympus and the ocean stream,
Of deluge, and the thundering homes of gods.

HEATHS, from the wastes that toward the sunset
tend

And ocean winds, with dry pale buds of white
And pink, which wave in passing lonely light,
And Asian blooms, profuse of odour and hue ;
Myrtles that o'er Eurotean waters bend
Dark glossy leaves and flowers fresh with dew,
Pale lilies of Gethsemanie, and rose
Judean, which the desert's dry wind knows ;
Vines fragrant as the April air which flows
Where Syria's steeps of snow shine in the blue
Heavens, whose aerial pure vapours o'er
Deep-wooded, watery vale, and coast line hoar,
Hear not, so high they float, the long foam line
Of Lebanon, on stillest nights divine.

REGIONS of soft clear air, of cold green leaves,
Heaths, grasses, solitary as a sea :
Vistas of gold and violet radiancy,
Isles where the surge and the lone wave-bird
 grieves ;
White-citied plains, hill-cinctured, whence there
 flow
Eurotean rivulets pellucidly
'Mid laurels, reeds, blue lilies ;—in the glow
A cape, with sheep, and ruins like ripe sheaves ;
Fallen columns smooth as aged ivory :
Some citadel remote or rocky pyre
The sunset turns to purple and to fire ;
Gardens of thyme and groves of olives brown
Along the slopes Olympian vapours crown,
Like gods in commune, formless, divine and dire.

WHEN I had turned Catullus into rhyme,
And stars shone from the sea's blue southern zone,
Breathing in slumber tranquil as my own,
Above those pages of the antique time
Laid in a casement near me, where the vines
Trembled their shade : lo ! on a sudden rose
Beautiful Venus naked amid glows
Of roseate cloud, and all the Lesbian lines
With her white finger touching as she smiled,
Stooped her, and kissed them, for a space beguiled,—
'Till with a sigh she vanished. Then above
The sheaf of song in darkness I beheld
Impassioned foreheads as of poet gods
Bend their gold curls, and o'er them muse en-
spelled ;
And wild and epic music from their abodes,
Heard blend in the high night with those of love.

AMID the fresh thick Afric forest green
Cyrene's snowy-pillared ruins rose
Smothered in verdure where the fountain flows
Of Battus, foaming through the cool ravine
Of the forgotten dead, into the light
Bathing the cystus-covered plain. Time's rust
Lay on the sculptured tombs and jars of dust,
And stony age reigned in the chasm, and night :
But space above the curving bay and seas,
Seemed filled with forms august, eternal, fair,
Quaffing odorous cups of nectar rare
By heaps of red ambrosia ; and upon
The calm came murmurs glorious from the sun,—
Faint voices of the cloudy deities.

YE two fair trees that I so long have known
And loved, as living over dust so dear;
Who silently have seen tear after tear
Rise from my heart, when to the engraved stone
I came to pray, and with true love alone
Live back old times, amid a world so drear
With cares and changes of a many a year,
And loss of most things I could love or own :—
Now 'mid the calm of this blue April noon
While the fresh wind breathes warm from the
clear west,
Put fancy once more with thy leaves in tune
Green genial Muse of the grey grave :—for soon
By the dear dust it roofs, I too shall rest.

ALL vapourless the blue infinity
Domed o'er a superb sapphire sphere of sea,
By musky forests semicircled, whence
Flowing from tranquil sunset, golden wreathed
Rich odours with the glory mingling breathed
Upon the calm, enchanting the sweet sense,—
Enchanted still the more when by the beach
A wide and wandering melody was heard
Floating by rocky cove and glassy reach
Until it died along the distance faint,
And sweet as the dim ditty of a bird
With which the snowy summits echoes play
Upon the edge of silence, where one quaint
Star sparkles, and still lives one streak of day.

OUR busy everyday life of routine
Resembles travel in a railway train,
Through high banks of a cutting, whence are seen
Mostly monotonous narrow walls of green,
So swiftly passed, but seldom o'er its screen
We win some vista of the fields and main,
In lowly lights or, drifts of mournful rain :
Such through the moving present seems the past ;
But few the moments we can ponder o'er
The sacred memories of that distant shore,
And calm blue sea-line, with its sinking mast,
And phantom sails ; and places to the heart
Most dear ; when the train stops—and we depart.

"Tis a spring evening as I leave my room
Where hang two portraits ; of a dear friend one
Long parted from me by the hand of doom,
And of myself another, when the sun
Had o'er but half my life its glory shed :
And though I live yet both alike are dead
As are ourselves of yesterday ; still years
Alter not all—I muse—and take my way
Past the old house which many a memory bears,
And through the fields toward the close of day ;—
Fields when each object casts a look behind,
Where green hedge, grass, dim mountain seem to
 sigh,
Under the clouded April evening sky,
Now blank with boding rain and drifts of wind.

AFTER our earliest and dearest died,
The soul, loss-armed against future loss,
Defiant stood to fate ; how'ere might toss
Its barque upon the uncertain waters wide
Until it sank, it feared no other storm :
For death or gave it rest, or yielded to
Its wing emancipate to wander through
The spheres in search of that long-banished form ;
And as meanwhile, in mental toil, the past,
And useless sorrow faded, years sped on
Until the moment when the final blast
Would waft it to the centre of life's sun,
Perchance ; where mightier being is in store,
And love will recognize all love once more.

WHEN first I used to visit the dear tomb
Great was my grief, so distant seemed to be
The unknown time, the unknown place where we
Should meet again ; and hooded in death's gloom
The heart old love made happy near to thee,
Pondered and prayed ; and anguished with the
doom

That kills the form and takes the soul away,
Even doubted of love's heart in Destiny,
Maker of laws less tender in their sway
Than these man shapes for love's community :
But as each autumn brings us still more near,
Lo ! in a circle seems my life to move
To that point, darkened once by vanished love,
Where old love yet will whisper—"I am here."

ONCE, as escaped awhile from toil and town,
To bathe the heart in quiet, and recal
The sad sweet past, whose memoried footfall
Is clearest heard in loneliness, as down
The promontory's steep path to the beach,
I sought the cool blue waters spreading calm
Under the cliffs along the sandy reach,
Each dewy summer morning breathing balm—
A wild shrub nooked just at a resting place
Seemed to recal to me a vanished face,
And a strange kindliness drew each to each :—
In breathless things, as living, one to me
Speaks : hence the bird's song by the grave-side
tree.

ALTHOUGH sweet natures that we love depart,
And memory seeks their smile on Heaven's shore,
Yet are they present to the human heart,
Imperishable as the love they bore ;
While here it was their spirit that we loved,
Unseen, but no less real than the clay,
Beauty intrinsic such as breathed and moved
Throughout the circle of life's glaring day,
Still lives, enriching sorrow's darksome night ;
And as some rose the rarest of the year,
Whose blossoms drank the morning's golden light,
Dies, but to live in perfume's airy sphere,
Sweet natures last though death their dust
destroy,
And Beauty changes to a sightless joy.

OfT a dear face memory's necromancy
Raises in the dusk, the heart rehominy;
OfT the muse of youth sings in the gloaming
Vigorous days of happy health and fancy,
When through glowing hours of July weather
Wandered we in oak woods green and humid,
Then o'er scented slopes of purple heather
Drinking ocean's of bright air, while bloomed
Thickets of wild rose in sheep-strewn meadows,
On some sea hill's side, by white cloud shadows
Crossed and cooled : 'till on its summit olden
Stretched on grass or granite, airy hours
Passed, and o'er the western waters golden,
Vesper shone through drifts of summer showers.

OH, pleasant sunny mornings long ago,
In the old window, with my books around
The cheerful room, and outside in the glow
The fresh trees quivering o'er the grassy mound ;
When strains of distant music used to flow
Past me, with pictures : now I see below,
Ireland's gray hazy hills and greener ground,
Sad waters, sunbeams radiant in their woe ;
Or Scotland's quaint and merry, on which bound
In windy sunset plaided girls a-row,—
See German life, deep, sweet with thought
enwound.

And longing for what souls sublime would know ;
Or Italy's passionate heart, revealings slow,
Or memories gay, rich vintages of sound.

SWEET winds over western waters blowing,
Days of warmth and sunshine, many-houred,
Streams half hidden, in full leaves embowered,
From the happy hills through fair fields flowing ;
All things upon earth alive and glowing
In the sunshine affluently showered—
Now have floated off like summer shadows,
And no more in calm of noon-day, golden,
Sleep will fall upon us in the meadows,
Nor will windows openly enfolden
With fresh foliage, refresh us lightly
With the air of shores starry and lonely :
Now sweet summer lingers with us nightly
By the hearth, in books and apples only.

It is a damp decaying autumn day :
Choked with sere grass the little stream flows on
With murmur piteous as a late bird's song,
And touched with misty flashes of the sun,
Which seems to know that now 'tis vain to stay :
The withered leaves in humid hollows throng ;
Above the dying woods the air is gray
And silent ; 'till the level western ray
Flames desolately the sad earth along,
And in the gusty void soon sinks away.
Then the waves whitening in the dark, drear wind,
Come fluttering to the surfy shore, and soon
Beacon-like glares on the blank gloom behind
The sombre hills, the storm bewildered moon.

ALL through the roaring darkness of the night
Our forlorn ship swept on from depth to height,
Lost in the blankness like the moon, and blown
Under the driving rack, whose thunder moan
Remotely blent with sound of surging shoals,
Or rattled o'erhead from the flaming poles,
'Till the Dawn looked upon its rage o'erblown :
The storm from the abysm of pale wild air,
Makes seen her rising face, and upblown hair,
Oval, and tapering like a yellow pear,
And robes like rose-clouds, and faint golden leaves
Flying. In a vast swoon the water heaves
Strong, bright, immensive. Then the solid round
Of the great sun bursts up the ocean's bound.

BENEATH the æther's blue primeval gloom,
From Snowden's summit I beheld around,
The mountains tossed—stupendous billows of
ground,
Rain-rent, and by the lightnings blasted, loom :
Through wild woods rushing the Strait, greenish-
grey,
And from some deep dark water distantly
Hidden in hills, the river's cold slow way,
Wandering through stony solitudes to the sea ;
Westward, bleak promonts and sands misty dim,
Beaten by winds and surfy ridges frore :
And above the desolate wave-waste's unheard
hymn,
The cloud-lands' white precipitous scenery,
Moving in shelving roofs remotely o'er
The sullen channel toward the Irish shore.

A ROADSIDE inn this summer Saturday :—
The doors are open to the wide warm air,
The parlour, whose old window views the bay,
Garnished with cracked delph full of flowers fair
From the fields round, and whence you see the
glare
Fall heavy on the hot slate roofs and o'er
The wall's tree shadows drooping in the sun.
Now rumbles slowly down the dusty street
The lazy drover's clattering cart ; and crows
Fainter through afternoon the cock ; with hoes
Tan-faced harvest folk trudge in the heat :
The neighbours at their shady doors swept clean,
Gossip, and with cool eve fresh scents of wheat,
Grasses and leaves, come from the meadows green.

EVENING is falling fast ; the dusty way
Deserted ; in the harvest fields a few
Tie the last sheaves : the mist is settling blue
In hollows hidden from the level ray ;
As by the lonely lake o'er shingles grey
I walk, and wait the beat a long time due,
To waft me o'er ; then hear it slowly sway
Approaching in the dead light of the day,
Red on the fronting shores :—so I embark.
The sun has dropt ; we float as in a dream
The wide night-narrowed waters, sleek and dark ;
O'er dread depths surfaced by a sinister gleam,
'Mid dripping oars ; 'till—of a sudden—hark !
A voice—the bank—a cottage candle spark.

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BEYOND the mountains sloped in gloomy grey,
A ruined continent of golden cloud
Blown seaward on the wind of sunset, showed
Beneath its fiery toppling summits proud,
The forms of fiery cities stretched away,
With ampitheatre and obelisk,
Above the murmurous sea's saturnian disk ;—
A while : until dislimbed in stormy glare
They streamed in ashen islands down the air.
Then up the void the wind dolorous heaves
The vaporous battallions dark, and bodes
Over the glooming lands where twilight grieves—
Inconstant, drifting o'er the sad dry roads,
Monotonous litanies of withered leaves.

THE longest day and heavy heat are o'er :
Grey clouded skies have cooled the air that shakes
The garden foliage from the western brakes,
Whence level sunset goldens round the shore
Island and cape ; and fresh waves, sprae-frore,
The springtide set against the land wind makes ;
But yet, though pleasant coolness comes once
more,

Sad are the season's shortened evenings grey,
When darkness roofs the world whose low, pale
west

Gleams like the close of life, or earth's last day,
Whose downward dead light seems to show a way
Sinking to an eternity of rest :
Then night unveils infinity, and then
Eternal morning quickens earth again.

Off from my window, whence the pure white piles
Of summer vapour warm are southward seen,
Fancy excursions to the land whose green
Vales, circuited by lovely mountains smile;
Where Nature once in Beauty's mood divine
Had moulded form and face, soul, poem, and
shrine :—

And thence to the rich watered, aged domain
Of pyramid and palm tree, lengthening
Into unknown horizons, where the rain
That in the sun-clear north ne'er shadows stain
On sky or ruin, with wide thunderous wing
Tempests, from tropic oceans torrenting :—
Climes where the moons of autumn seldom wane,
Days are all summer, and the nights all spring.

**THROUGH the green woods of Spring which clothe
the height**

**Of the mild mountain at whose base we're born,
Exuberant, we climb through leaves and light,
Companioned by the rose and golden morn ;
The fruits we pull to feed us on our way
Divine as dawn, are full of juices crude,
Which ripen as expands the summer day ;
Love in green alleys meets us in laughing mood,
And clings to us while tempest smites the wood,
And earth's experience moulds us for the sky :
Then as we reach the summit all turns gray,
And tired we sleep, facing eternity,
Leaving a sunset, and an echo soon
To cease, or sound awhile from memory's moon.**

IN studious calm once passed the summer hours,
My friend, the Spirit of Knowledge, from red
dawn

Until the sunset's star had long withdrawn,
And the lamp shone through solemn midnight's
hours :

When young Love laughing under wreaths of
flowers,

Led me unwilling to the twilight lawn
'Mid smiles and dances ; and my peace was gone
Henceforth for many a day, when books for
bowers

I had exchanged, and restless love's delight
For lone, aspiring, bright tranquillity.

Angered—"let reason reassume her reign !"

I cried—and crushed the passion. But that night
In a sweet dream her image came to me,
And morning wakened me with love again.

WITH the moon alone in summer night,
Heaven within me, and from yon blue deeps
Present in innumerate pulsing spheres,
When all life along the silent land
Is hushed, I rest, and think I hold thy hand,
And in a dream which new delight endears,
Peruse the leaves of annals, lily white,
In which scarce breathing Love our secret keeps,
Until the scene looks faint through happy tears :
And every flower around the arbour sleeps,
Or seems to slumber—lest a leaf—a dew
Drop, falling should disturb my calm divine ;
And only near my heart, methinks like you—
Bends in the light the honey-full woodbine.

OH, Love first felt when Summer days were
bluest,

And warm the rural solitude, where brightly
The sun shone, and the west wind lifted lightly
The beechwood's leaves :—how richly thou
imbuest

Life with delights of Paradise, when newest :
When glances coyly charmed, and hand touched
slightly,

Enchanted the sweet blood with faith the truest,
And brought the time, when the kiss given
nightly

Outparagoned all preciousness. Awaking
To hear her voice, and in the garden meet her,
And take the treasured rose, than all things
sweeter

Save her red lip : to rove we knew not whither,
Lost in each other, growing one together—
If Heaven be happiness, Love, 'tis of thy making.

THUS sings the blood and fancy in youth's bowers :
But more divine than touch and breathings of
Blossoms of morning interwoven by love,
After companionship of sacred powers,
The affections which around their fruit combine :
Holy the breast which fed a life divine
Fresh from God's heart, the infant born to be
The second self of dawn's forgotten hours,
Their comrade here, and in eternity ;
The purest type of life and Deity,
Wordless and good ; perpetual guest within
Time's eden, soul unconscious of all sin ;
Its only knowledge love for those most dear,
Doubling their love for ever, even as here.

ALL helpless Being demands our dearest love :
Infinite pity and affection
For all life sprung without its will, to move
Weak 'mid the insensate vast around the sun—
Insect, bird, infant, lamb :—who can look on
The little worm born blind, and all alone
In this huge universe of senseless force,
Nor feel that he with hand and soul as coarse
Who pities not, loves, cares, commits a crime
Accursed of Christ—the Heart of God—the
source
Which gave us love to solace us in time ?—
For which no soul its conscience can condone.
All thoughts and deeds in our self-substance last :
A present hell or heaven is the past.

In my soul's temple, sacredly enshrined
'Mid airs the most benign, oh still may I
Conserve whate'er of best to beautify
The passing hours synthetic search may find ;
The truths of Science seen of sense and mind,
The singing pictures of sweet poetry ;
Ideas turned to use ; all forms of Art ;
High sympathies to symphony all strife ;
A healthy hatred of the lies of life ;
And, in the holy of holies of the heart,
Love for those loving us with purest faith,
Volitioned in the future as the past
To guard ;—or seek them through the terrorless
vast,
When the earth melts beneath the touch of Death.

WINTERY splendours, superb vapours white
From the cold sunshine, hang in air around
The sky of morning, motionless in light ;
And from the space of icy blue o'erhead,
Fall a few flakes of frost upon the ground,
Mingling with hail amid the darkness shed ;
While in the sombre northern regions, low
Clouds, vague in form, advancing with their snow,
Phantom-like, blurred in shadow, numbly loom
In a dim frozen tumult, whence a dead
Air breathes all day :—then shine, a realm of
wonder

Smitten by sunset ! 'till a wind-like doom
Topples, ere yet they mount the void with gloom,
Those lurid ruining cloud-towers of the thunder.

SPACE, matter, motion, consciousness, defined
In necessary order occupy
Intelligence allwhere throughout the sky,
Where matter, motioned by primeval mind,
To being, rises of necessity.
Infinite as the medium is the force
Senseless and intellectual, which flows
In currents everlasting in their course
From brain which thinks, system and sun that
glows,
Substance, and its developed soul, which *knows*.
No particle ere moved but has impressed
Like life, its record on the living past
Of Nature and of Being in the vast,
Endless, beginningless, and without rest.

Look on those pictures of the Nebulæ ;
Suns massed remote like drifts of ocean sand,
Irregular forms of curve and rib and band,
Cloud wisps, confusions of tempestuous spray ;
Primeval spawn, orderless, awful, grand,
Islanded with their forces simplest sway
Amid the black abysm : in shapes which seem
An incoherent delirium of dream
Floating before an infant's unborn brain :
Nature's enormous embryos, where we
Creation, as in the " beginning," see :
And yet, howe'er uncouth in outward form,
Law rules each molecule in the mighty storm.

Lo ! from this rolling sphere, wafted in vision
Regions in space remote I saw—black skies,
Airless domains of dead eternities
Each with the dead God throned—wrecks of
 perdition
By fire and frost—expired destinies
Of planets drifting through the void afar
Beyond the wasted light of any star ;
And then another realm where seemed to be
Souls sepulchred in snowy vapours, billowed
In luminous abysses o'er a serene sea :
Forms beauteous and fair, peacefully pillowed
By dreams, lapped in divine tranquillity ;—
Sailing toward systems in the infinite
Whose force shall yet unveil their eyes to light.

As nothing save what eyes have seen, or brains
Have proved, by us can true be ere esteemed,
And as where reason cannot see, the trains
Of fancy—half our life—have ever dreamed
In love or fear on primal cause, and on
Continuance of conscious life begun;—
While mastering all matter, let us still
Over it throne imagination
Wherewith to shape a world invisible ;
Perfecting our ideals, till they grow
Beloved as beauteous ; and such work consign
To Fancy's priests, whose genius may illumine
From all we know, the clouds of mortal doom,
Making Life's dome by day and dark divine.

As matter is old as eternity,
And therefrom spirit—life and mind have sprung,
Shaped from conditions by the Deity,
For ever changing, but for ever young ;
So life, which is the highest of its modes,
Electrical, magnetic, luminous,—
Must, like its unseen forms, be perishless,
And such intelligence as lives in us,
And through the island-systems of the void,
Accumulative, bright and undestroyed,
To centres drawn by its motivity,
May on the measureless past have grown to gods,
Central experiences of race and clime,
Sensoriums of all matter, life, and time.

INTELLIGENCE contemplates all it sees—
Albeit but a point in the infinite
Universe—with but two rays of light,
Which illustrate diversest destinies ;
Or matter's self develops life and mind,
By forces integral, conditioned to
Grades of organic forms—designless, blind
In all it does, as all it makes them do :
Or, all things for their ultimate fact, the soul,
Were formed by Providence, and for it last
Dead in themselves. Can senseless substance
cast
Spirit in beauteous moulds, knowing no goal,
Mindless producing mind, or force combine
To make sweet Love, without a cause Divine ?

Lo ! thought takes time to travel, like light in-
space ;
Conception of a mode of being or place
Known to the mind remote from either needs
Time to project ; and, maychance, Deity
Far in the infinite amid fruits and seeds
Of systems, to vibrate his power to see
And modify for good some state to be,
Answering some cry of life for pity, and
Protection, rescue from some hell, or state
Risen from the blind necessities of Fate ;—
Time to reach for the omnipotential hand :
Hence long, alas ! the savage has to wait,
Thus long, alas ! weak life from sun to sun,
Love its sole comfort 'mid imperfection.

IN spaces where light's last vibration dies,
The ether's cold primeval substance rare—
As water, cold-contracted, icifies—
Condenses into simplest gas ; thus where
Extrinsic motion ceases in the skies,
Intrinsic turns to visible matter there,
The invisible, whose molecules thus assume
From primitive conditions fixed form
Sequential ; centrfy, and circling storm,
Thinning the medium motion renders warm,
Whither the extern denser tends ; whereby
Originates the power of gravity
God's automatic will, and basis of doom :
The root is temperature, and life the bloom.

THE ether outward from each source of heat
Intensifies, hence slower take this way
The larger earths, whose revolution may
Thus quicken with the resistance which they meet ;
And in the shadows opposite their day,
Which, cone-like, press against each hemisphere,
Equivalentates the force of solar light
Repulsive, keeping thus each rolling sphere
True in its orbit ; while the medium pressed
Where least is felt the centrifugal might,
Along the axial lines of polar rest,
Flows ; the mass permeates, and condensed thereby,
Therein converts to electricity
And kindred powers : space feeding thus each orb
With force they utilise while they absorb.

WITH matter of two sorts, seen and unseen.
Complex and simple, space is occupied—
In the orbs finite, infinite between ;
There is no void in the universal wide,
Else dim would seem each isolated sun
And sphere, where planetary lives abide,
Nor could the gaseous vibration run
Hither without a medium : howsoe'er
Remote its parts, the universe is one,
As life and thought are—phases of the rare
Ether, which propertied with sense, retains
Self-motion, consciousness, and thought, and love
Eternally accumulate, and reigns
Secure with God, where'er the systems move.

NATURE works slow :
In her system of powers
Are wide waves, whose flow
From the infinite raise
Form from form ; all below
Blent with all that's above :
Æons vast are her hours ;
And life, mind, and love
Of her being, a phase.
What a race she has ran
From the ascidian to man !
Who still higher will grow
In knowledge and shape
Than he's now to the ape ;
For we are what we know.

As life from matter springs, and matter is
Eternal, so must mind have been ; and so
Alike destructionless, God live and know,
Girt by His providential regencies
Throughout all space in system, comet, and sun,
Diverse in power, but as they brightening glow
In love, intelligence and purpose, one—
That sphere and space become a happy home
Of Being, moulded, first imperfect by
Mind, with conditional necessity,
And the blind forces of material doom
Striving for best. Where Nature's blindest modes
Still conquer love, there must be sorrowing gods,
Despite of recompense beyond the tomb.

CAUSE partly dwells in matter, part in mind,
And that the vaster ; the whole object of
The universe, or prescient, or blind,
Seems from invisible matter to combine
The visible ; and thence in many a mode
Organic, evolve existence in the fine
Invisible element which can think and love,
That Life the child, comrade the Father God,
In all its infinite phases. Little hence
Or here, or either meets the finite sense—
Systems of Being in space, which rest, or move
Harmonious, happy ; a presence in yon deep
Aidful to worlds that toil from day to morrow ;
And a sweet, holy influence when asleep,
To mortal souls who would forget their sorrow.

WHEN we compare the sum of life upon
This earth, so small with its material size,
And think it may be so in world and sun
And system allwhere through the infinite skies,
Life seems an accident of matter, not
The sole eternal purpose of the spheres,
Of which we nothing know save what appears
To nerves of sense which of themselves have wrought
Much that we own. But when we think how far
Past earth, to which our bodies are confined,
Extends the God-like knowledge of the mind
From its few grains of substance—like a star
Contrasted with its reaching light—all space
Appears the home and heritage of our race.

MIRACULOUS, indeed, were Nature's laws,
Did mind exist not from eternity :
What seems more marvellous than gravity,
Which, from a spheric substance lessening draws
Through spaces infinite in comparity
With its own size, the worlds that round it roll ;
Or that from some few atoms springs a soul
With powers of penetrating every cause
In the wide universe, or small or great,
And reasoning systems true and vast as fate ?
Gods may develop and be potent from
Grains ; insects have more mind than magnitudes ;
'Tis special particles that govern doom,
And yield us Newton's numbers, Shakspear's moods.

ALMIGHTY Soul, whose influence we implore,
In pain, care, danger, or when love recalls
The dead we wish again within our walls,
Back from cold space—back from the unseen shore ;
Still praying to Thee whom we doubt before
Fate smites such thinking insects as we are,
Perpetual victims matter evermore
Offers upon the altar of this star:—
Good for Thy own self-happiness Thou must be,
Wise with the experience of eternity,
God of the soul ! not thine the will that here
Evil should live. Oh, Being ! be it ours
To perfect life, and thus to Thee be dear
Friends, and consociates of all purer powers.

EACH being here who benefit his kind
Largely and lastingly, each genius bright
Discoverer, bard, inventor, scattering light
And happiness by power of heart and mind,
Sustains a living revelation given
To all who seek to make the earth a heaven.
Intellect has its saviours also, who
Complete the work of Love personified,
Than which diviner, higher, or more true
To social life can never be allied,
Here or elsewhere in space. Where Deity
Exists, in genius, good, he's manifest :
Did universal law shape all we see,
The movement seems from better into best.

THREE hideous public crimes upon this star
Existent make its sunny space a hell—
Animal murder, prostitution, war,
Atrocious-cowardly, unmanlike, fell ;
Cruel the first, inhuman, pitiable ;
Intellect which should guard the weak from pain,
And form from matter's infinite domain
Foods which leave not upon the soul the stain
Of blood, still massacres ruthlessly allwhere
Creatures as innocent as infants are ;
The second wasting the sacred source of life,
Turns to a hell poor woman's homeless home ;
The third, awhile determines human strife
With devilism organised as doom.

THOUGH for all ill which lives upon this sphere,
Some recompense in future life may be,
Our duty is to deal with it while here,
As from ourselves throughout eternity
There's no escape, and ever by the ear
Of conscience the unchangeable past will rise.
What is the purpose of Intelligence?
Save to make all life happier through all skies,
Within our reach, motivated by Love. Hell reigns
Wherever man by animal murder stains
His food. What ! Think you that the soul Divine,
Who loved all children, shudders not to see
Those infants of the planet—bird, lamb, kine,
Simple beings, affectionate as we,
Pitilessly massacred that man may dine?
While custom is atheist based on cruelty,
The devil feeds us, and the pure gods fly.

If Life, for such it seems to us to be,
Is inorganic Nature's final cause,
Whether developed by eternal laws,
Or by the agency of Deity,
Its human spiritual community
Most sacred is ; and, who for flaws or straws,
Will marshal men to murder is a curse
Than which not Hell itself can image worse.
Alas ! how little Christianity
Lives in a Christendom at war ! How great
Its pagan ignorance where force is fate,
Not true intelligence in those who reign
Or pay for thrones ; when Nature, soon or late,
Crushes all life, like insects, under a train.

Now, slowly rounding on its axle old,
The brown world turns its face unto the Spring;
A balmy freshness fills the dewy mould
Of furrowed fields; white clouds on folded wing,
Rest o'er the sea : along the quiet beach,
Though branches dropped with buds of blythest green,
The streamlet trickles down the rocky reach
On whose blue calm the floating gull is seen;
Inland the rook calls clamourous for rain;
The peasant, plough in hand, plods whistling on
Behind his puffing horses, 'till the sun,
Casting blue mountain shadows, nears the brine;
While from the bosky twilight upland soon
The nightingale salutes the cloudy moon.

I WALK of grey noons by the old canal
Where rain-drops patter on the autumn leaves,
Now watching from some ivied orchard wall
In slopes of stubble figures pile the sheaves ;
Or under banks in shadow of their grass,
Blue water-flies by starts jettingly pass
'Mid large leaves level on the glassy cool ;
Or noiseless dizzy midges winking round
The yellow sallows of the meadow pool ;
While into cloudy silence ebbs each sound,
And sifts the moulting sunlight warm and mellow
O'er sandy beach remote, or slumberous flood,
Or rooky, red brick mansion by the wood,
Mossed gate, or farmyard hay-stacks tanned and yellow.

It is a noon of cloudy April tender,
As up the long canals I make my way;
Beneath the sinking levels of steel-dark grey
Spread calmly, dashed with drifts of tremulous
splendour.

Rivulets bubble from many a grassy mouth,
A scent of rain comes up the blue-hill'd South;
At times an airy radiance streaming down
Fills all the budding copses with the sound
Of birds :—a quickening motion in the brown
Of furrowed fields, stirs palpably around :
On one side sleeps a rushy margined pond ;
Long roads, and pale blue mountains, vapour lined,
Stretch to the showery distance ; and beyond
Lengths of white cloud spread out upon the wind.

Now, winter's dolorous days are o'er, and
through
March morning casements comes the sharp
spring air,
And noises from the distant city, where
The steeples stand up keenly in the blue :
No more the clouds by crispy frost defined,
Pile the pale North, but float, dispersed shapes ;
Though still around the cool grey twilight capes,
The sullen sea is dark with drifts of wind.
Like a forgotten fleck of snow still left,
The cascade gleams in the far mountain cleft ;
Brown rushes by the river's brimming bank
Rustle, and matted sedges sway and sigh,
Where grasses in sleek shallows waver dank,
Or drift in windy ripples greyly by.

SPRING breathes in from the waters of the bay,
A happy genial presence bending o'er
The ample flow of the blue tropic tide
That, sweet with sunlight, warmer day by day,
Bathes the fair sands and the long meadow
shore,
Imbued with faintest fragrance from the wide,
Exotic disks of ocean which abide
Under perpetual summer. In each cave
The salt weed sprouts and freshens, and the
shells
Take softer hues : upon the bounteous wave
Birds pride in whiter plumage ; and the wells
In the green airy woodlands look upon
A ring of fresher grasses, and curtain spun
Of trailers, with whose flowers of white and
gold
The simple, sailing, sportive bubbles hold
Communion, undazzled by the sun.

WORKING out fancies with the pen, the hours
Of the dim rainy April day unseen
Had rolled, and through the open casement,
green
Smiled the fresh fields beneath the ceasing
showers;
When down along the West, with vapours lined,
Floated a strain of music, softly swelled,
And softly ceasing, like a dying wind
Breathed from the pale gold chasm : still it
welled
In undulating modulations toned,
Faint, but for finest ear—spirits enspelled
Chanting the good the day completed owned.
And soon toward silence fading sweet and far,
Like the last light that leaves the cavern spar,
Seemed lost within the kindling Vesper star.

ARISEN, from the high casement I behold
Across the azure void the vapours blown
Against the fiery dawn, till they have grown
Massed in an ocean altar of fierce gold :
Shoreward the breezy bickering billows rolled,
Majestically mount the headland, where
Shattered in sprays they shift and sink, o'er-
blown
In ceaseless rainbows : and the vast sea and
air.
Seem like the circle of an enchanted soul
Creating : towards whose solid splendour glow
Currents of thought streaming above—below,
'Mid elemental fancy's flash and flow—
Harmonies oceanic rolling on,
O'ergloried by imagination's sun.

FROM the gas-lighted streets I pace into
The cool, calm country, this late eve of spring ;
Scarce move the twilight clouds on sleeping
wing
Under the sky, where faint lights, steely blue,
Or pale as moon rays on dead waters gleam ;
The air is silent in a humid dream,
And the last lifeless streak of sunset grey
Level in shadowing solitude far away,
Sinks, like the forecast sad of what will seem
To the last few upon the earth's last day :—
Then fronting the dead sunset's cloudy bars
Comes the calm moon where eastern vapour
looms,
And vaster life expands as heaven domes
Above me, pierced with sparkling points of
stars.

For days from my lone chamber near the town
I've watched the unquiet cheery autumn come.
Blue, breezy skies o'er stubble fields grown
brown,
And others where the plough has ridged the
loam ;
Tree-rows whence yellow leaves curl mutely
down,
Or, when a grey wind rises with the noon,
Career in crispy chases o'er dry roads,
In flitting lights, or heard in twilight's swoon
Their husky whisper in the low wind and moon.
But now the vapour-loaded mountains loom
O'er leaden seas ; the eve is rainy-drear ;
The thinning flies wheel through the wistful air ;
O'er forest tops the sunset sinks in gloom,
And sadly tolls the lowland bell for prayer.

WHEN any creature dies whom we have loved,
And who has loved us, for a while our love
For others lessens : to one object moved
Our loss-excited sympathies above
All others place affection for the dead,
And lives our spirit with the one that fled,
Recalling its past life, its looks and ways
In a dear anguish. Then the poor heart pays
Millions for some slight error of the head,
And the eyes fill while looking on its bed—
Each spot it knew, but knows no more. Oh,
then,
No longer seems it difficult to die ;
While all the outer world of things and men
Turns to our sorrow, one wide mockery.

If life with Nature may be likened, then
The purpose of each soul is, fruit and seed :
The first is lost when dies the form, indeed ;
The latter, supreme essence of all men,
Holds in itself an element and power
Of equal bright development again,
In other shapes, in other orbs its flower
May bloom once more ; and though like winter,
death

Seems the long barren resting time, the soul
Released like the seed by the wind's breath,
May not lie fallow till the Aprils roll
And bring the sun ; but borne from earth
beneath

To tones of sudden summer in new spheres,
At once renew the glory of its years.

WHEN life was silent o'er the broad dark land,
Borne by a stormy-winged dream away,
My soul passed after the red level day
Through realms majestic, spacious and grand,
Wherein I saw cloud empires infinite,
Stupendous architecture, tomb and tower
O'er cities piled in glory and in might,
Peopled with multitudinous shapes of power ;
Great moons along horizons floating white,
And pomp of cloudy armies moving slow,
Their plumed chivalries, with thunder and light
Heralded—reaching into sunset's glow,
Till whirled in desert sand storm, battle smoke
And fire—the black void opened—I awoke.

ALONG the horizon of the world's dim past
Lives mighty once but long forgotten last,
Like old poems, tomb'd with their bard's white
bones

Upon a windy mountain's cloudy head,
Where the dawn moves, Godlike in majesty,
The fields of fighting cloud glare, windy red,
Storms beat, the thunder rattles, and the sea
Monotonously from its surge line moans,
Like echoes of their mournful minstrelsy ;
While in the vast ætherial domain,
Creating new delights for souls on high,
The spirits emancipate who make them, reign,
So far ascended now, they little heed
The withered flower of first life or its seed.

THOSE gentle unknown angels of the earth,
Whose smiles, whose eyes, whose hearts of purest
faith,
Were once the comforts of the shadowed hearth ;
The world's true saints who love us still in death ;
How oft upon some night that o'er their tomb,
Memorializes loss long years ago,
We watch the unconscious clock in firelight's
glow,
To catch the well-remembered minute of doom,
And kneel and pray that happy be that state,
And that we soon shall live inseparate—
All the hopes left—for those of early years,
Like irises of morning span the bright
New life, while like moon hallows seen at night,
Are those of age, whose only rains are tears.

BEAUTIFUL feelings, fancies, thoughts as sweet
In form and fragrance as a flower—a poem,
A melody or picture, when we retreat
For happy commune in our heart's pure home,
Are sweetest of true treasures, wealth which we
Bear with us here and in eternity,
To recreate our life ; and next to good
Deeds, aims, and memories of affection
And holy thoughts, most precious each rich mood
Of ours, or those which other minds have won
In moments when their spirit happiness
In its own beauty found : such as please here,
Possessions perfect in that preciousness,
Will still delight the soul in its next sphere.

A SOUL august and simple as the sky,
Lone as some vapour innocent and white
Sailing with its sweet fancies day and night,
Dwelt on the last gray promontory of earth
Amid the sea's forlorn monotony ;
Its visitors the suns, angels and winds,
Passing, and ministers of death and birth,
Or pure and noble solitary minds,
Like motions of the upper air one hears
When all is calm below and dark on high ;
Happy with him in time, and living by
The aged laws of long deserted spheres
Belonging to the past eternity,
But with love and imagination,
No soul in space can ever be alone.

MAN calls the kindly beings whom he shoots
And massacres for food "dumb creatures"
"brutes."

The infant alike innocent is dumb ;
With soul that loves, with mind that sees, and
whom

In that 'tis helpless all the more 'tis dear.

Lo ! in a horrid dream I saw a sphere
Where those that we name "human" from their
mould,

Were held in serfage, owned and controlled
By forms more potent. With her little one
A mother lived, each happy the other near ;
When came a form who tore her infant son
Innocent as Christ's from that poor mother's
heart

Anguished, and in a stony prison apart
Cut the child's throat, and sold his flesh for
food :

And those who fed still prated of God, and
good !

THE particles which form our bodies are
As matter and as God, eternal : we
Were once the flaming gaz that slowly
Became solidified into a star :
This hand was once a portion of the sphere
That rolling million miles off lights us here ;
Nay, ere yon sun whence we have sprung arose,
His substance formed an older orb than glows
In space, and perishing will reappear ;
And as experience, knowledge widening rolls
Conserved in spirit, will shape brighter homes
Where life lives not on life, but love endomes ;
God, sowing the infinite waste, with skies of souls,
Swaying all substance to diviner goals.

YE thoughts, doubts, hopes, fancies and flying
dreams

Upon the origin of all that seems
In the infinite visible and unseen, wherewith
Still more than sense reason's reflective beams
Connect our consciousness—some mind to whom
The future's universal light and gloom,
Like ocean seen from some dim narrow frith,
Outweighs the petty present's peace or doom,
Spinning its web mid Nature's mighty loom
Whereon to travel to the primeval past
Would seek from leaf to leaf to bridge the vast.
Oh finite soul, whether divine or dire
Thy experiences eternal unforecast,
At least self-fixed be love and reason thine.

THE finite spirit can but recognize
The finite all where in yon endless skies ;
And hence their Power remains unknown ; a
fear,
Saving unto the heart and to the eyes
Of love—which only can make Being dear
To the Absolute, as smallest creature here :
God is not matter, else what wandering wave .
Would drown the infant divine as He, nor save :
But as light, warmth from solar centres move,
Mind-power motived by eternal love.
Who then that truly knows the nature of,
Christ-life, and Christ as purest deity,
Can ever other than a Christian be—
Through all the systems of infinity !

'Twas in a noon dream by the summer lay
Spirit, thy vision rose upon my sight,
A presence which came floating o'er the spray
Like a sweet soul of odorous wind and light,
That seemed familiar as one passed away,
Gentle, beloved ; returned from yonder height
To guard and to inspire. And all that day
Most radiant phantasies, aerial, warm
And sweet as summer, vibrating at will,
My pencil traced :—nor art thou gone, for still
I dream of thee when sorrow and when night
Are round me, and my fancy shapes thy form,
And brow of meteor beauty that on me
Glows from the levels of the star-dim sea.

To endless Being in yon infinite
What life is the most happy, what most blessed?
Action to lessen evil, love and light
Increase ? or with our loved ones round us, rest,
Secure in some impregnable retreat
Girt by Omnipotence from grief and doom,
Error and pain, whose casual currents beat
Whose clouds shadow the soul with mortal
gloom,
In a divine dream, lovely, calm and sweet,
Eternal ; only conscious those most dear
Inseparate are with us ?—Or a career
Endless to conquer Hell with will sublime,
Companioned by our God ;—with sweet returns
To those who love us in rest that never mourns,
After long years and victories in time.

VERSES, though few may flourish in Time's sun,
Yet, ages after the poor tree that gave
Ye birth, has lain a barren skeleton ;
When civilization's tropic shines no more
In this green north, some traveller of the wave
From its rich summer, pacing past my grave
Upon this sad depopulated shore,
With ear attuned to mightier harmonies
Of fancy, from the ampler brains that glow
From foreheads in meridional bright blow—
May hear some fragments of your echoes play
Past him, under those forlorn skies of grey—
Like withered leaves that on some winter's day
Come whirled in the chill blast o'er paths of
snow.



I.

ON the heights of the world rose its mighty
creations,

Colossi of Light by the centuries cast,
The sages of science, the saviours of nations,
The Kings of the future and Gods of the past :
Ocean beneath their World-temple spread blue
to the horizon rounding,

While rose o'er the snows of the morning its gold-
sounding gong bell resounding.

II.

Clouds loneliness sailed the dark æther on high,
Some wind-blown and white as the ships of
the traders,
Some moon-pale and shadowy traced the dim
sky,
Like the long armoured lines of the bannered
crusaders ;
Low down in the east some uncouth as the huge
shapes of Nature primeval,
To the west others vast as the glory of dreams
which mature o'er a new world's upheaval.

III.

And the song of the hosts of the earth, marshalled
under

The Temple, ascended from every clime,
As they looked toward those potencies throned
o'er the thunder,

The merit-crowned monarchs of Mind and of
time.

" Oh aid us ye Wise in the war that we wage,
with still human endeavour,
With Hell, which is Ignorance—Hell which we
battle to banish for ever.

IV.

And, Oh Spirit that Truth and Affection hold
dear,

Make our Being a power to enlighten and
bless ;

Life a practical poem for the good of all here,

While perfecting the soul, which is all we
possess.

Let love reign ; Intellect, Industry organized
unify every race,

'Till man grow the patriot soul of his planet, and
Earth a new Eden in space.







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